EX LIBRIS MARK FABIAN CHERNIAVSKY
CHÂTEAU DU FEŸ

Rocquet Sc.

MISS BAGOT.

From a Minature Picture by Ozius Humphreys Esq.r after Lely.

in the Coll.n of the Duke of Dorset.

MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT GRAMMONT,

BY

COUNT A. HAMILTON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

WITH

Notes and Illustrations.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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1809.

Bocquet Sc.

Miss Temple.

From an unfinished Miniature.

in the Possession of Lord Westcote. at Hagley Park.

Pub. July. 1. 1808. by John White, Fleet St.& John Scott, Strand.

MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT GRAMMONT.

CHAPTER X.

THOUGH Miss Temple's person was particularly engaging, it was nevertheless eclipsed by that of Miss Jennings, whose mental accomplishments were also infinitely superior. Two persons, very capable to impart understanding, had the gift been communicable, undertook at the same time to rob Miss Temple of the little she really possessed. These were Lord Rochester and Miss Hobart: the first began to mislead her, by reading to

her all his compositions, as if she alone had been a proper judge of them. He never thought proper to flatter her upon her personal accomplishments; but told her, that if heaven had made him susceptible of the impressions of beauty, it would have been impossible for him to have escaped her chains; but not being, he thanked God, affected with any thing but wit, he had the happiness of enjoying the most agreeable conversation in the world, without incurring any risk. After so sincere a confession, he either presented to her a copy of verses, or a new song, in which, whoever dared to come in competition in any respect with Miss Temple, was laid prostrate before her charms, most humbly to solicit pardon: such flattering insinuations so completely turned her head, as to make her really an object of compassion.

The duchess took notice of it, and well knowing the extent of both their geniuses, she saw the precipice into which the poor girl was running headlong without perceiving it. But as it is no less dangerous to forbid a connexion that is not yet thought of, than it is difficult to put an end to one that is already well established, Miss Hobart was charged to take care, with all possible discretion, that these frequent and long conversations should not be attended with any dangerous consequences. She accepted the commission with pleasure, and flattered herself with success in the execution of it.

She had already made all necessary advances, to gain possession of the confidence and friendship of Miss Temple, who, less suspicious of her than of Lord Rochester, made every imaginable return. She was greedy of praise,

and was as fond of all manner of sweetmeats, as a child of nine or ten years old: her taste was gratified in both these respects. Miss Hobart having the superintendance of the duchess's baths, her apartment faced them, in which there was a closet stored with all sorts of sweetmeats and liqueurs: the closet suited Miss Temple's taste, as much as it gratified Miss Hobart's inclination, to have something that could allure her.

Summer being now returned, brought back with it the pleasures and diversions that are its inseparable attendants. One day when the ladies had been taking the air on horseback, Miss Temple, on her return from the fashionable promenade, alighted at Miss Hobart's, in order to recover from her fatigue at the expence of the sweetmeats, which she knew were

there at her service; before she went there, however, she desired Miss Hobart's permission to undress herself, and change her linen in her apartment; which request was immediately complied with. 'I was just going to propose it to you,' said Miss Hobart, 'not 'but that you are as charming as an 'angel in your riding-habit; but there 'is something so comfortable in a loose 'dress, and being at one's ease! you 'cannot imagine, my dear Temple,' continued she, embracing her, 'how 'much you oblige me by this free un-'ceremonious conduct; but above all, 'I am enchanted with your particular 'attention to cleanliness. How greatly 'you differ in this, as in many other 'things, from that silly creature Jen-'nings! Have you remarked how all 'our court fops admire her for her 'brilliant complexion, which perhaps,

'after all, is not wholly her own; and 'for blunders, which are truly original, 'and which they are such fools as to 'mistake for flashes of wit. I have 'not conversed with her long enough 'to perceive in what the delicacy of 'her wit consists; but of this I am 'certain, that if it is not better turned 'than her feet, it is no great matter. 'What stories I have heard of her 'sluttishness! No cat ever dreaded 'water so much as she does: fie upon 'her! Never to wash for her own 'comfort, and only to attend to those 'parts which must necessarily be seen, 'such as the neck and the hands.'

Miss Temple swallowed all this with even greater pleasure than the sweetmeats; and the officious Hobart, not to lose time, was helping her off with her clothes, while the chamber-maid was coming. She made some

objections to it at first, being unwilling to occasion that trouble to a person, who, like Miss Hobart, had been advanced to a place of dignity; but she was overruled by her, and assured, that it was with the greatest pleasure she shewed her that small mark of civility. The collation being finished, and Miss Temple undressed: 'Let us 'retire,' said Miss Hobart, 'to the 'bathing-closet, where we may enjoy 'a little conversation, secure from any 'impertinent visit.' Miss Temple consented, and both of them sitting down on a couch: 'You are too young, my 'dear Temple,' said she, 'to know the 'baseness of men in general, and too 'short a time acquainted with the 'court, to know the character of its 'inhabitants. I will give you a short 'sketch of the principal persons of it, 'to the best of my knowledge, without

'injury to any one; for I abominate 'the trade of scandal.

'In the first place then, you ought 'to set it down as an undoubted fact, 'that all courtiers are deficient, either in 'honesty, good sense, judgment, wit, or 'sincerity; that is to say, if any one of 'them by chance possesses some one of 'these qualities, you may depend upon 'it he is defective in the rest. Sumptuousness in their equipages, deep 'play, a great opinion of their own 'merit, and contempt of that of others, 'are their chief characteristics.

'Interest or pleasure are the motives of all their actions: those who 'are led by the first, would sell God 'Almighty, as Judas sold his Master, 'and that for less money. I could 'relate some striking instances of this 'to you, if I had time. As for the 'votaries of pleasure, or those who

'pretend to be such, (for they are not 'all so bad as they endeavour to make 'themselves appear), these gentlemen 'pay no manner of regard, either to 'promises, oaths, law, or religion; 'that is to say, they are literally no 'respecters of persons; they care nei-'ther for God nor man, if they can 'but gain their ends. They look upon 'maids of honour only as amusements 'placed expressly at court for their 'entertainment; and the more merit 'any one has, the more she is exposed 'to their impertinence, if she gives 'any ear to them, and to their mali-'cious calumnies, when she ceases to 'attend to them. As for husbands, 'this is not the place to find them; for 'unless money or caprice make up the 'match, there is but little hopes of 'being married: virtue and beauty in 'this respect here are equally useless.

'Lady Falmouth is the only instance
'of a maid of honour well married
'without a portion; and if you were
'to ask her poor weak husband for
'what reason he married her, I am
'persuaded that he can assign none,
'unless it be her great red ears, and
'broad feet. As for the pale Lady
'Yarborough, who appeared so proud
'of her match, she is wife, to be sure,
'to a great country bumpkin, who, the
'very week after their marriage, made
'her take her farewel of the town for
'ever, in consequence of five or six
'hundred pounds a year he enjoys on
'the borders of Cornwall. Alas! poor
'Miss Blague! I saw her go away
'about this time twelvemonth, in a
'coach with four such lean horses, that
'I cannot believe she is yet half way
'to her miserable little castle. What
'can be the matter! all the girls seem

'afflicted with the rage of wedlock,
'and however small their portion of
'charms may be, they think it only
'necessary to shew themselves at court,
'in order to pick and choose their men.
'But was this in reality the case, the
'being a wife is the most wretched
'condition imaginable for a person of
'nice sentiments. Believe me, my
'dear Temple, the pleasures of ma-
'trimony are so trifling, in compari-
'son with its inconveniences, that I
'cannot imagine how any reasonable
'creature can resolve upon it: rather
'fly, therefore, from this irksome en-
'gagement than court it. Jealousy,
'formerly a stranger to these happy
'isles, is now coming into fashion,
'with some recent examples of which
'you are acquainted. However bril-
'liant the phantom may appear, suffer
'not yourself to be caught by its splen-

'dor, and never be so weak as to trans-
'form your slave into your tyrant: as
'long as you preserve your own li-
'berty, you will be mistress of that of
'others. I will relate to you a very
'recent proof of the perfidy of man to
'our sex, and of the impunity they
'experience in all attempts upon our
'innocence. The Earl of Oxford fell
'in love with a handsome, graceful
'actress, and a most excellent per-
'former, belonging to the duke's the-
'atre. The part of Roxana, in a very
'fashionable new play, had brought
'her so much into vogue, that she
'ever after retained that name. This
'creature being both very virtuous,
'and very modest, or if you please,
'wonderfully obstinate, proudly re-
'jected the addresses and presents of
'the Earl of Oxford. This resistance
'inflamed his passion: he had recourse

'to invectives, and even to spells, but 'all in vain. This disappointment had 'such effect upon him, that he could 'neither eat nor drink: this did not 'signify to him; but his passion at 'length became so violent, that he 'could neither play nor smoke. In 'this extremity, love had recourse to 'Hymen. The Earl of Oxford, one of 'the first peers of the realm, is, you 'know, a very handsome man: he is of 'the order of the garter, the habit of 'which greatly adds to an air naturally 'noble. In short, from his outward 'appearance, you would suppose he was 'really possessed of some sense; but as 'soon as you hear him speak, you are 'perfectly convinced of the contrary. 'This passionate lover presented her 'with a promise of marriage, in due 'form, signed with his own hand. She 'would not, however, rely upon this,

'but the next day she thought there 'could be no danger, when the earl 'himself came to her lodgings attend-'ed by a clergyman, and another man 'for a witness: the marriage was ac-'cordingly solemnized with all due 'ceremonies, in the presence of one 'of her fellow-players, who attended 'as a witness on her part. You will 'suppose, perhaps, that the new 'countess had nothing to do but to 'appear at court according to her rank, 'and to display the earl's arms upon 'her carriage. No such thing. When 'examination was made concerning the 'marriage, it was found to be a mere 'deception: it appeared, that the pre-'tended priest was one of my lord's 'trumpeters; and the witness his kettle 'drummer. The parson and his com-'panion never appeared after the cere-'mony was over, and as for the other

'witness, they endeavoured to per-
'suade her, that the Sultana Roxana
'might have supposed, in some part or
'other of a play, that she was really
'married. It was to no purpose, that
'the poor creature claimed the protec-
'tion of the laws of God and man,
'both which were so shamefully vio-
'lated, as well as herself, by this in-
'famous imposition: in vain did she
'throw herself at the king's feet to
'demand justice: she had only to rise
'up again without redress; and happy
'might she think herself in obtaining
'a pension of a thousand crowns in-
'stead of a dowry, and to resume the
'name of Roxana, instead of taking
'that of Countess of Oxford. You
'will say, perhaps, that she was only
'an actress; that all men have not the
'same sentiments as the earl; and, that
'one may at least believe them, when

'they do but render justice to such 'merit as yours. But still do not be- 'lieve them, though I know you are 'liable to it, as you have admirers; for 'all are not infatuated with Miss Jen- 'nings: the handsome Sidney ogles 'you; Lord Rochester is delighted 'with your conversation; and the most 'serious Sir Charles Lyttleton forsakes 'his natural gravity in favour of your 'charms. As for the first, I confess 'his figure is very likely to engage the 'inclinations of a young person like 'yourself; but were his outward form 'attended with other accomplishments, 'which I know it is not, and that his 'sentiments in your favour were as real 'as he endeavours to persuade you 'they are, and as you deserve, yet I 'would not advise you to form any con- 'nexions with him, for reasons which 'I cannot tell you at present.

P. W. Tomkins Sc.

SIR CHARLES LYTTELTON.

From an Original Picture in the Coll^n of Lord Westcote.

Pub. July. 1. 1808. by John White, Fleet St.^t & John Scott, Strand.

'Sir Charles Lyttleton is undoubt-
'edly in earnest, since he appears
'ashamed of the condition to which
'you have reduced him; and I really
'believe, if he could get the better of
'those vulgar chimerical apprehen-
'sions, of being what is vulgarly call-
'ed a cuckold, the good man would
'marry you, and you would become
'his representative in his little govern-
'ment, where you might merrily pass
'your days in casting up the weekly
'bills of housekeeping, and in darning
'old napkins. How delightful would
'it be to have a Cato for a husband,
'whose discourse is replete with cen-
'sures, and whose censures proceed
'entirely from caprice!

'Lord Rochester is, without con-
'tradiction, the most witty and the
'most unprincipled man in all Eng-
'land; but he is dangerous to our sex

'alone; and it is come to that pass,
'that no woman dare listen to him for
'three times without hazarding the
'loss of her reputation. She may
'reckon herself a fortunate woman
'who can escape him, for he has her
'in his writings, if he cannot obtain
'her in any other way; and in the
'age we live in, the one is as bad
'as the other, in the eye of the pub-
'lic. In the mean time nothing is
'more dangerous than the artful in-
'sinuating manner with which he
'gains possession of the mind: he ap-
'plauds your taste, submits to your
'sentiments, and at the very instant
'that he himself does not believe a
'single word of what he is saying, he
'makes you believe it all. I dare lay
'a wager, that from the conversation
'you have had with him, you thought
'him one of the most honourable men

'living: for my part, I cannot ima-
'gine what he means by the attention
'he affects to pay you: not but your
'accomplishments are sufficient to ex-
'cite the adoration and praise of the
'whole world; but had he even been
'so fortunate as to have gained your
'affections, he would not know what
'to do with the loveliest creature at
'court: for it is a long time since his
'debauches have brought him to order,
'with the assistance and the favours of
'all the common street-walkers. See,
'then, my dear Temple, what horrid
'malice possesses him, for the ruin and
'confusion of innocence! A wretch!
'to have no other design in his ad-
'dresses and attentions to Miss Tem-
'ple, but to give a greater air of pro-
'bability to the calumnies with which
'he has loaded her. You look upon
'me with astonishment, and seem to

'doubt the truth of what I advance;
'but I do not desire you to believe me
'without evidence: here,' said she,
drawing a paper out of her pocket,
'see what a copy of verses he has
'made in your praise, while he lulls
'your credulity to rest, by flattering
'speeches, and feigned respect.'

Saying this, the perfidious Hobart shewed her half a dozen couplets full of strained invective and scandal, which Rochester had made against the former maids of honour. This severe and cutting lampoon was principally levelled against Miss Price, whose person he took to pieces in the most frightful and hideous manner imaginable. Miss Hobart had substituted the name of Temple instead of Price, which she made to agree, both with the measure and tune of the song. The stratagem succeeded to

admiration: the credulous Temple no sooner heard her sing the lampoon, but she firmly believed it to be made upon herself; and in the first transports of her rage, having nothing so much at heart as to give the lie to the fictions of the poet: 'Ah! as for this, 'my dear Hobart,' said she, 'I can 'bear it no longer: I do not pretend 'to be so handsome as some others; 'but as for the defects that villain 'charges me with, I dare say, my dear 'Hobart, there is no woman more free 'from them: we are alone, and I feel 'almost inclined to convince you by 'ocular demonstration.' Miss Hobart was too complaisant to oppose this motion; but, although she soothed her mind, by extolling every beauty which gave the lie to Lord Rochester's song, Miss Temple was almost distracted

with rage and astonishment, to think that the first man she ever attended to, should, in his conversation with her, not even make use of a single word of truth, but that he should likewise have the cruelty to accuse her of defects which had no existence; and not being able to find words capable of expressing her anger and resentment, she began to weep like a child.

Miss Hobart used all her endeavours to comfort her, and chid her for being so much hurt with the invectives of a person whose scandalous impostures were too well known to make any impression: she however advised her never to speak to him any more, for that was the only method of baffling his designs; she persuaded her that contempt and silence were, on such occasions, much preferable to any explanation, and that if he could once

obtain a hearing, he would find means to justify himself, but her ruin would be the consequence.

Miss Hobart was not wrong in giving her this counsel: she knew that an explanation would betray her, and that she might expect no quarter if Lord Rochester had so fair an opportunity of renewing his former panegyrics upon her. All her precautions, however, were vain: this conversation had been heard from beginning to end, by the governess's niece, who was blessed with a most faithful memory; and, having that very day an appointment with Lord Rochester, she conned it over three or four times, that she might not forget a single word, when she should have the honour of relating it to her lover.

The conversation just related was agreeable only to Miss Hobart; for, if

Miss Temple was entertained with its commencement, she was so much the more irritated by its conclusion: this indignation was succeeded by the curiosity of knowing the reason why, if Sidney had a real esteem for her, she should not be allowed to pay some attention to him. The tender-hearted Hobart, unable to refuse her any request, promised her this piece of confidence, as soon as she should be secure of her conduct towards Lord Rochester: for this she only desired a trial of her sincerity for three days, after which, she assured her, she would acquaint her with every thing she wished to know. Miss Temple protested she no longer regarded Lord Rochester but as a monster of treachery, and vowed, by all that was sacred, that she would never listen to him, much less speak to him, as long as she lived.

As soon as they retired from the closet, Miss Sarah came out of the bath, where, during all this conversation, she had been, almost perishing with cold, without daring to complain. This little gypsy had, it seems, obtained leave of Miss Hobart's woman to bathe herself, unknown to her mistress; and having, I know not how, found means to fill one of the baths with cold water, little Sarah had just got into it, when they were both alarmed with the arrival of the other two. A glass partition enclosed the room where the baths were, and Indian silk curtains, which drew on the inside, screened those that were bathing. Miss Hobart's chamber-maid had only just time to draw these curtains that the girl might not be seen, to lock the partition door, and to take away

the key, before her mistress and Miss Temple came in.

These two sat down on a couch placed close to the partition, and Miss Sarah, notwithstanding her alarms, had distinctly heard, and perfectly retained the whole conversation. As the little girl was at all this trouble to make herself clean, only on Lord Rochester's account, as soon as ever she could make her escape, she regained her garret; where Rochester, having repaired at the appointed hour, was fully informed of all that had passed in the bathing-room. He was astonished at the audacious temerity of Hobart, in daring to play him such a trick; but, though he rightly judged that love and jealousy were the real motives, he determined to make her pay dearly for it. Little Sarah desired

to know, whether he had such intentions with regard to Miss Temple, as Miss Hobart had asserted he had. 'Can you doubt it,' replied he, 'since 'that oracle of sincerity has affirmed 'it? But then you know that I am 'not now capable of profiting by my 'perfidy, were I even to gain Miss 'Temple's compliance, since my de-'bauches, and the street-walkers, have 'brought me to order.'

This answer made Sarah very easy, for she concluded that the first article was not true, since she knew from experience that the latter was false. Lord Rochester determined that very evening to attend the duchess's court, to see what reception he would meet with, after the fine portrait Miss Hobart had been so kind as to draw of him. Miss Temple did not fail to be there likewise, with the in-

tention of looking on him with the most contemptuous disdain possible, though she had taken care to dress herself as well as she could. As she supposed that the lampoon Miss Hobart had sung to her was in every body's possession, she was under great embarrassment lest all those whom she met should think her such a monster as Lord Rochester had described her. In the mean time, Miss Hobart, who had not much confidence in her promises never more to speak to him, narrowly watched her. Miss Temple never in her life appeared so handsome: every person complimented her upon it; but she received all these civilities with such an air, that every one thought she was mad; for when they commended her shape, her fresh complexion, and the brilliancy of her eyes, 'Pshaw,' said she, 'it is very

'well known that I am but a monster,
'and formed in no respect like other
'women: all is not gold that glitters;
'and though I may receive some com-
'pliments in public, it signifies no-
'thing.' All Miss Hobart's endeavours to stop her tongue were ineffectual; and, continuing to rail at herself ironically, the whole court was puzzled to comprehend her meaning.

When Lord Rochester came in, she first blushed, then turned pale, made a motion to go towards him, drew back again, pulled her gloves one after the other up to the elbow; and after having three times violently flirted her fan, she waited until he paid his compliments to her as usual, and as soon as he began to bow, immediately turned her back upon him. Rochester only smiled, and being resolved that her resentment should be still more

remarked, he walked round her, and coming up close to her: 'Madam,' said he, 'nothing can be so glorious 'as to look so charming as you do, 'after such a fatiguing day: to sup- 'port a ride of three long hours, and 'Miss Hobart afterwards, without 'being tired, shews indeed a very 'strong constitution.'

Miss Temple had naturally a tender look, but she was transported with such a violent passion at his having the audacity to speak to her, that her eyes appeared like two fire-balls when she turned them upon him. Hobart pinched her arm, as she perceived that this look was likely to be followed by a torrent of reproaches and invectives.

Lord Rochester did not wait for them, and deferring to another opportunity the acknowledgments he

owed Miss Hobart, he quietly retired. The latter, who could not imagine that he knew any thing of their conversation at the bath, was, however, much alarmed at what he said; but Miss Temple, almost choaked with the reproaches with which she thought to confound him, and which she had not had time to give vent to, vowed to ease her mind of them upon the first opportunity, notwithstanding the promise she had made; but never more to speak to him afterwards.

Lord Rochester had a faithful spy near these nymphs: this was Miss Sarah, who, by his advice, and with her aunt's consent, became reconciled to Miss Hobart, the more effectually to betray her. He was informed by this spy, that Miss Hobart's maid, being suspected of having listened to them in the closet, had been turned

away; that she had taken another, whom, in all probability, she would not keep long, because, in the first place, she was ugly, and, in the second, she eat the sweetmeats that were prepared for Miss Temple. Although this intelligence was not very material, Sarah was nevertheless praised for her punctuality and attention; and a few days afterwards, she brought him news of real importance.

Rochester was by her informed, that Miss Hobart and her new favourite designed, about nine o'clock in the evening, to walk in the Mall, in the Park; that they were to change clothes with each other, to put on scarfs, and wear black masks. She added, that Miss Hobart had strongly opposed this project, but that she was obliged to give way at last, Miss Temple having resolved to indulge her fancy.

Upon the strength of this intelligence, Rochester concerted his measures: he went to Killegrew, complained to him of the trick which Miss Hobart had played him, and desired his assistance in order to be revenged. This was readily granted, and having acquainted him with the measures he intended to pursue, and assigned him the part he was to act in this adventure, they went to the Mall.

Presently after appeared our two nymphs in masquerade: their shapes were not very different, but their faces, which were very unlike each other, were concealed with their masks. The company was but thin in the park; and as soon as Miss Temple perceived them at a distance, she quickened her pace in order to join them, with the design, under her disguise, severely to reprimand the perfidious Rochester;

when Miss Hobart stopping her: 'Where are you running to?' said she; 'have you a mind to engage in con-'versation with these two devils, to be 'exposed to all the insolence and im-'pertinence for which they are so no-'torious?' These remonstrances were entirely useless: Miss Temple was resolved to try the experiment; and all she would promise, was, not to answer any of the questions Rochester might ask her.

They were accosted just as they had done speaking: Rochester fixed upon Hobart, pretending to take her for the other, at which she was overjoyed; but Miss Temple was extremely sorry she fell to Killegrew's share, with whom she had nothing to do. He perceived her uneasiness, and, pretending to know her by her dress: 'Ah! Miss Hobart,' said he, 'be so

'kind as look this way if you please: 'I know not by what chance you both 'came hither, but I am sure it is very 'àpropos for you, since I have some-'thing to say to you, as your friend 'and humble servant.'

This beginning raising her curiosity, Miss Temple appeared more inclined to attend to him; and Killegrew perceiving that the other couple had insensibly proceeded some distance before them: 'In God's name,' said he, 'what do you mean by railing so 'against Lord Rochester, whom you 'know to be one of the most honour-'able men at court, and whom you 'nevertheless described as the greatest 'villain, to the person whom of all 'others he esteems and respects the 'most? What do you think would be-'come of you, if he knew that you 'made Miss Temple believe that she

'is the subject of a certain song of his,
'which you know as well as myself
'was made upon the clumsy Miss Price,
'above a year before the fair Temple
'was heard of? Be not surprised that
'I know so much of the matter; but
'pay a little attention, I pray you, to
'what I am now going to tell you out
'of pure friendship. Your passion and
'inclinations for Miss Temple are
'known to every one but herself; for
'whatever methods you have taken to
'impose upon her innocence, the world
'does her the justice to believe that
'she would treat you as Lady Fal-
'mouth did, if the poor girl knew the
'wicked designs you have upon her.
'I caution you, therefore, against
'making any farther advances to a
'person too modest to listen to them.
'I advise you likewise to take back
'your maid again, in order to silence

'her scandalous tongue; for she says
'every where, that she is with child,
'that you are the occasion of her being
'in that condition, and accuses you of
'behaving towards her with the black-
'est ingratitude, upon trifling suspi-
'cions only. You know very well,
'these are no stories of my own inven-
'tion; but that you may not entertain
'any manner of doubt, that I had all
'this from her own mouth, she has
'told me your conversation in the
'bathing-room, the characters you
'there drew of the principal men at
'court, your artful malice in applying
'so improperly a scandalous song to
'one of the loveliest women in Eng-
'land; and in what manner the in-
'nocent girl fell into the snare you
'had laid for her, in order to vindicate
'her own character. But that which
'might be of the most fatal conse-

'quences to you in that long conver-
'sation, is the revealing certain secrets,
'which, in all probability, the duchess
'did not intrust you with for the purpose
'of imparting to the maids of honour.
'Reflect upon this, and neglect not to
'make some reparation to Sir Charles
'Lyttleton, for the ridicule with which
'you were pleased to load him. I
'know not whether he had his in-
'formation from your femme-de-cham-
'bre, but I am very certain that he has
'sworn to be revenged, and he is a
'man that keeps his word; for notwith-
'standing his stoical look, and judge-
'like gravity, I must acquaint you, that
'he is the most passionate man living.
'Indeed, these invectives are of such
'a horrible nature that I do not wonder
'at his rage: he says it is most infamous,
'that a wretch like yourself should
'find no other employment than to

'blacken the characters of honourable
'men, to gratify your jealousy; that
'if you do not desist from such con-
'duct for the future, he will immedi-
'ately complain of you; and that if
'her royal highness will not do him
'justice, he is determined to do him-
'self justice, and to run you through
'the body with his own sword, though
'you were even in the arms of Miss
'Temple; and that it is most scanda-
'lous that all the maids of honour
'should get into your hands before
'they can look around them.

'These things, madam, I thought
'it my duty to acquaint you with.
'You are better able to judge than my-
'self, whether what I have now told
'you be true, and I leave it to your
'own discretion to make what use you
'think proper of my advice; but were
'I in your situation, I would endeavour

'to reconcile Lord Rochester and Miss 'Temple. Once more I recommend to 'you to take care that your endeavours 'to mislead her innocence, in order to 'blast his honour, may not come to 'his knowledge; and do not estrange 'from her a man who tenderly loves 'her, and whose probity is so great, 'that he would not even suffer his 'eyes to wander towards her, if his 'intention was not to make her his 'wife.'

Miss Temple observed her promise most faithfully during this discourse: she did not even utter a single syllable, being seized with such astonishment and confusion, that she quite lost the use of her tongue.

Miss Hobart and Lord Rochester came up to her, while she was still in amazement at the wonderful discoveries she had made; things in them-

selves, in her opinion, almost incredible, but to the truth of which she could not refuse her assent, upon examining the evidence and circumstances on which they were founded. Never was confusion equal to that with which her whole frame was seized by the foregoing recital.

Rochester and Killegrew took leave of them before she recovered from her surprise; but as soon as she had regained the free use of her senses, she hastened back to Saint James's without answering a single question that the other put to her. Having locked herself up in her chamber, the first thing she did, was immediately to strip off Miss Hobart's clothes, lest she should be contaminated by them: for after what she had been told concerning her, she looked upon her as a monster, fatal to the innocence of the fair sex, of

whatever sex she might be. She blushed at the familiarities she had been drawn into with a creature, whose maid was with child, though she never had been in any other service but her's; she therefore returned her all her clothes, ordered her servant to bring back her own, and resolved never more to have any connexion with her. Miss Hobart, on the other hand, who supposed Killegrew had mistaken Miss Temple for herself, could not comprehend what could induce her to give herself such surprising airs, since that conversation; but being desirous to come to an explanation, she ordered Miss Temple's maid to remain in her apartments, and went to call upon Miss Temple herself, instead of sending back her clothes; wishing to surprise her by some little endearments before they entered upon ex-

postulations, she slipt softly into her chamber, while she was in the very act of changing her linen, and embraced her. Miss Temple finding herself in her arms before she had even seen her, every thing that Killegrew had mentioned presented itself to her imagination. She fancied that she saw in Hobart's looks the eagerness of a satyr, or, if possible, of some monster still more odious; and disengaging herself with the greatest vehemence from her arms, she began to shriek and cry out in the most terrible manner, calling both heaven and earth to her assistance.

The first whom her cries raised were the governess and her niece. It was near midnight: Miss Temple in her chemise, almost frightened to death, was pushing back with horror Miss Hobart, who approached her with

no other intent than to know the occasion of her transports. As soon as the governess saw this scene, she began to lecture Miss Hobart with all the eloquence of a real duenna: she demanded of her, whether she thought it was for her that her royal highness kept the maids of honour? whether she was not ashamed to come at such an unseasonable time of night into their very apartments to commit such violences? and swore that she would, the very next day, complain of her to the duchess. All this confirmed Miss Temple in her mistaken notions; and Hobart was obliged to go away at last, without being able to convince or bring to reason creatures, whom she believed to be either distracted or mad. The next day Miss Sarah did not fail to relate this adventure to her lover, telling him how Miss Temple's cries had

alarmed the maids of honour's apartment, and how she and her aunt, running to her assistance, had almost surprised Miss Hobart in the very act.

Two days after, the whole adventure, with the addition of several embellishments, was made public: the governess swore to the truth of it, and related in every company what a narrow escape Miss Temple had experienced, and that Miss Sarah her niece, had only preserved her honour, because, by Lord Rochester's excellent advice, she had for some time forbidden her all manner of connexion with so dangerous a person. Miss Temple was afterwards informed, that the song that had so greatly provoked her, alluded to Miss Price only: this was confirmed to her by every person, with additional execrations against Miss Hobart, for such a scandalous imposition. Such great

coldness after so much familiarity, made many believe, that this adventure was not altogether a fiction.

This had been sufficient to have disgraced Miss Hobart at court, and to have totally ruined her reputation in London, had she not been, upon the present, as well as upon a former occasion, supported by the duchess: her royal highness affected to treat the whole story as romantic and visionary, or as solely arising from private pique. She chid Miss Temple, for her impertinent credulity; turned away the governess and her niece, for the lies with which she pretended they supported the imposture; and did many improper things in order to re-establish Miss Hobart's honour, which, however, she failed in accomplishing. She had her reasons for not entirely abandoning her, as will appear in the sequel.

Miss Temple, who continually reproached herself with injustice towards Lord Rochester, and who, upon the faith of Killegrew's word, thought him the most honourable man in England, was only solicitous to find out some opportunity of setting herself right in his opinion, by making him some reparation for the rigour with which she had treated him. These favourable dispositions, in the hands of a man of his character, might have led to consequences of which she was not aware; but heaven did not allow him an opportunity of profiting by them.

Ever since he had first appeared at court, he seldom failed being banished from it, at least once a year; for, whatever presented itself to his pen, or to his tongue, he immediately committed to paper, or introduced into conversation, totally regardless of all consequences.

The ministers, the mistresses, and even the king himself, were not spared; and had not the prince, whom he thus treated, been possessed of one of the most forgiving and gentle tempers, his first disgrace had certainly been his last.

Just at the time that Miss Temple was desirous of seeing him, in order to apologize for the uneasiness which the infamous calumnies and black aspersions of Miss Hobart had occasioned both of them, he was banished the court for the third time. He departed without seeing Miss Temple, carried the disgraced governess down with him to his country seat, and exerted all his endeavours to cultivate, in her niece, some dispositions which she had for the stage; but seeing that he did not succeed so well in these, as he had done in his other instructions, after

keeping her, with her aunt, for some months at his country-house, he entered her in the king's company of comedians the next winter; and the public was obliged to him for the prettiest, but, at the same time, the worst actress in the kingdom.

About this time Talbot returned from Ireland: he soon felt the absence of Miss Hamilton, who was then in the country with a relation, whom we shall mention hereafter. A remnant of his former passion still subsisted in his heart, notwithstanding his absence, and the promises he had given the Chevalier de Grammont at parting: he now therefore endeavoured to banish her entirely from his thoughts, by fixing his desires upon some other object; but he saw no one in the queen's new court whom he thought worthy of his attention: Miss Boynton, how-

ever, thought him worthy of her's. Her person was slender and delicate, to which a good complexion, and large motionless eyes, gave at a distance an appearance of beauty that vanished upon nearer inspection. She affected to lisp, to languish, and to have two or three fainting fits a-day. The first time that Talbot cast his eyes upon her, she was seized with one of these fits. He was told that she swooned away upon his account; he believed it, was eager to afford her assistance, and ever after that accident, shewed her some kindness, more with the intention of saving her life, than to express any affection he felt for her. This appearance of tenderness was well received, and at first she was visibly affected by it. Talbot was one of the tallest men in England, and to all appearance one of the most robust; yet

she shewed sufficiently, that she was willing to expose the delicacy of her constitution to whatever might happen, in order to become his wife, which event perhaps might then have taken place, as it did afterwards, had not the charms of the fair Jennings, at this time, proved an obstacle to her wishes.

I know not how it happened that Talbot had not yet seen her; though he had heard her much praised, and her prudence, wit, and vivacity, equally commended. He believed all this upon the faith of common report. He thought it very singular that discretion and sprightliness should be so intimately united in a person so young, more particularly in the midst of a court where love and gallantry were so much in fashion; but he found her personal accomplishments greatly to

exceed whatever fame had reported of them.

As it was not long before he perceived he was in love, neither was it long before he made a declaration of it. As his passion was likely enough to be real, Miss Jennings thought she might believe him, without exposing herself to the imputation of vanity. Talbot was possessed of a fine and brilliant exterior, his manners were noble and dignified: besides this, he was particularly distinguished by the favour and friendship of the duke; but his principal recommendation in her eyes was his estate of two thousand a year, besides his employments. All these qualities came within the rules and maxims she had resolved to follow with respect to lovers: so that, though he had not the satisfaction to obtain from her an entire declaration of her

T. Chapman Sc.

MISS JENNINGS.

From an Original Picture by Verelst, in the Collection of Lord Beaulieu, at Dillon Park.

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sentiments, he had at least the pleasure of being better received than those who had paid their addresses to her before him.

No person attempted to interrupt his happiness; and Miss Jennings perceiving that the duchess approved of Talbot's pretensions, and, having well weighed the matter, and consulted her own inclinations, felt that her reason was more favourable to him than her heart, and that the most she could do for his satisfaction, was to marry him without reluctance.

Talbot, too fortunate in a preference which no man had before experienced, did not examine whether it was to her heart, or to her head, that he was indebted for it, and his thoughts were solely occupied in hastening the accomplishment of his wishes. One would have sworn that

the happy minute was at hand: but love would no longer be love, if he did not delight in obstructing, or in overturning the happiness of those who live under his dominion.

Talbot, who found nothing reprehensible either in the person, in the conversation, or in the character of Miss Jennings, was however rather concerned at a new acquaintance she had lately formed; and having taken upon him to give her some cautions upon this subject, she became much displeased at his conduct.

Miss Price, formerly maid of honour, who had been set aside, as we have before mentioned, upon leaving the duchess's service, put herself under lady Castlemaine's protection. She had a very entertaining wit; her complaisance was adapted to all humours, and she was possessed of a fund of

gaiety and sprightliness, which diffused universal merriment wherever she went. Her acquaintance with Miss Jennings was prior to Talbot's.

As she was thoroughly acquainted with all the intrigues of the court, she related them without any manner of reserve to Miss Jennings, and her own with the same frankness as the others. Miss Jennings was delighted with her stories; for though she was determined for herself to make no experiment in love, but upon honourable terms, she was not at all displeased at hearing from her recitals how these different intrigues were carried on: thus, as she was never tired of listening to her, she was overjoyed whenever they had an opportunity of meeting.

Talbot, who remarked the extreme relish she had for Miss Price's company, thought that the reputation such

a woman had in the world might prove injurious to his mistress, more especially from the particular intimacy there seemed to exist between them. Whereupon, in the tone of a guardian, rather than a lover, he took upon him to chide her for the disreputable company she kept. Miss Jennings was haughty beyond conception, when once she took it into her head; and as she liked Miss Price's conversation much better than Talbot's, she took the liberty of telling him, to attend to his own affairs, and that if he only came from Ireland to read lectures to her upon her conduct, he might take the trouble to go back as soon as he pleased. He was offended at a sally which he thought ill-timed, considering the situation of affairs between them; and went out of her presence more abruptly than became the respect

due from a man greatly in love. He for some time appeared offended; but perceiving that he gained nothing by such conduct, he grew weary of acting that part, and assumed that of an humble lover, in which he was equally unsuccessful. Neither his repentance nor submissions could produce any effect upon her, and the mutinous little gypsy was still pouting, when Jermyn returned to court.

It was above a year since he had triumphed over the weakness of Lady Castlemaine, and above two since the king had been weary of his triumphs. His uncle, being one of the first who perceived the king's disgust, obliged him to absent himself from court, at the very time that orders were going to be issued for that purpose; for though the king's passion for Lady Castlemaine was now greatly dimi-

nished, yet he did not think it consistent with his dignity, that a mistress, whom he had honoured with public distinction, and who still received a considerable support from him, should appear chained to the car of the most ridiculous conqueror that ever existed. His majesty had frequently expostulated with the countess upon this subject; but his expostulations were never attended to. It was in the last of these differences, that he advised her rather to bestow her favours upon Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, who was able to return them, than lavish away her money upon Jermyn for nothing, as it would be more honourable for her to pass for the mistress of the first, than for the very humble servant of the other. She was not proof against this raillery, and the impetuosity of her temper broke forth

like lightning. She told him; that it very ill became him to throw out such reproaches against one, who, of all the women in England, deserved them the least; that he had never ceased quarrelling thus unjustly with her, ever since he had betrayed his own mean low inclinations; that to gratify such a depraved taste as his, he wanted only such silly things as Stewart, Wells, and that pitiful strolling actress, whom he had lately introduced into their society. Floods of tears, from rage, generally accompanied these storms; after which, assuming the part of Medea, the scene closed with menaces of tearing her children in pieces, and setting his palace on fire. What course could he pursue with such an outrageous fury, who, beautiful as she was, resembled

Medea less than her dragons, when she was thus enraged?

The indulgent monarch loved peace; and as he seldom contended for it, on these occasions, without paying pretty handsomely for it, he was obliged to be at great expence, in order to reconcile this last rupture. As they could not agree of themselves, and both parties equally complained, the Chevalier de Grammont was chosen, by mutual consent, mediator of the treaty. The grievances and pretensions on each side were communicated to him, and what is very extraordinary, he managed so as to please them both. Here follow the articles of peace, which they agreed to:

'That Lady Castlemaine should for 'ever abandon Jermyn; that as a proof 'of her sincerity, and the reality of

'his disgrace, she should consent to 'his being sent, for some time, into 'the country; that she should not rail 'any more against Miss Wells, nor 'storm any more against Miss Stewart; 'and this without any restraint on the 'king's behaviour towards her: that 'in consideration of these condescen-'sions, his majesty should immedi-'ately give her the title of duchess, 'with all the honours and privileges 'thereunto belonging, and an addition 'to her pension, in order to enable her 'to support the dignity.'

As soon as this peace was proclaimed, the political critics, who, in all nations, never fail to censure all state proceedings, pretended that the mediator of this treaty, being every day at play with Lady Castlemaine, and never losing, had, for his own

sake, insisted a little too strongly upon this last article.

Some days after, she was created duchess of Cleveland, and little Jermyn repaired to his country seat. However, it was in his power to have returned in a fortnight, for the Chevalier de Grammont, having procured the king's permission for it, carried it to the Earl of Saint Alban's. This revived the old man; but it was to no purpose he transmitted it to his nephew. For whether he wished to make the London beauties deplore his absence, or to afford them occasion of declaiming against the injustice of the age, or rail against the tyranny of the king, he continued above half a year in the country, setting up for a little philosopher, under the eyes of the sportsmen in the neighbourhood, who

E. Bocquet Sc.

DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND

From an Original Picture by Sr P. Lely in the Possession of Sr Brook Boothby Bt.

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regarded him as an extraordinary instance of the mutability of fortune. He thought the part he acted so glorious, that he would have continued there much longer had he not heard of Miss Jennings: he did not pay much attention to what his friends wrote to him concerning her charms, being persuaded he had seen equally great in others. What was related to him of her pride and haughtiness, appeared to him of far greater consequence; to subdue the last, he thought would be an action worthy of his former prowess; and quitting his retreat for this purpose, he arrived in London just at the time that Talbot, reasonably in love, had quarrelled, in his opinion, so unreasonably with Miss Jennings.

She had heard Jermyn spoken of as a hero in affairs of love. Miss Price, in the recital of those of the duchess

of Cleveland, had often mentioned him, without in any respect diminishing the weakness with which fame insinuated he had conducted himself in those amorous encounters. She nevertheless had the greatest curiosity to see a man, whose entire person, she thought, must be a moving trophy of the favours and freedoms of the fair sex.

Jermyn arrived at the right time to satisfy her curiosity by his presence; and though his brilliancy appeared a little tarnished, by his residence in the country; though his head was larger, and his legs more slender than usual, yet the giddy girl thought she had never seen any man so perfect; and yielding to her destiny, she fell in love with him, a thousand times more unaccountably than all the others had done before her. Every body remarked

this change of conduct in her with surprise; for they expected something more from the delicacy of a lady, who, till this time, had displayed so much propriety in all her actions.

Jermyn was not in the least surprised at this conquest, though not a little proud of it; for his heart had very soon as great a share in it as his vanity. Talbot, who saw with amazement the rapidity of this triumph, and the disgrace of his own defeat, was ready to die with jealousy and spite; yet he thought it would be more to his credit to die, than to vent those passions unprofitably; and shielding himself under a feigned indifference, he kept at a distance to view how far such an extravagant prepossession would proceed.

In the mean time, Jermyn quietly enjoyed the happiness of seeing the

inclinations of the prettiest and most extraordinary creature in England declared in his favour. The duchess, who had taken her under her protection ever since she had declined placing herself under that of the duke, sounded Jermyn's intentions towards her, and was satisfied with the assurances she received from a man whose probity infinitely exceeded his merit in love. He therefore let all the court see that he was willing to marry her, though, at the same time, he did not appear particularly desirous of hastening the consummation. Every person now complimented Miss Jennings upon having reduced to this situation the terror of husbands, and the plague of lovers. The court was in full expectation of this miracle, and Miss Jennings of a near approaching happy settlement; but in this world we must

Bocquet sc.

JOHN, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

From a Picture by Sr. Peter Lely in the Collection of the

Right Honorable the Earl of Lisburne.

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have fortune in our favour, before we can calculate with certainty upon happiness.

The king did not use to let lord Rochester remain so long in exile: he grew weary of it, and being displeased that he was forgotten, he posted up to London to wait till it might be his majesty's pleasure to recall him.

He first took up his habitation in the city, among the capital tradesmen and rich merchants, where politeness indeed is not so much cultivated as at court; but where pleasure, luxury, and abundance reign, with less confusion, and more sincerity. His first design was only to be initiated into the mysteries of those fortunate citizens; that is to say, by changing his name and dress, to gain admittance to their feasts and parties of pleasure, and, as occasion offered, to those of their spouses. As no

man knew better how to adapt himself to all capacities and humours, he soon deeply insinuated himself into the esteem of the wealthy aldermen, and into the affections of their magnificent and tender ribs. He made one in all their feasts, and at all their assemblies; and, whilst in the company of the husbands he declaimed against the faults and mistakes of government, he joined their wives in railing against the profligacy of the court ladies, and in inveighing against the king's mistresses. He agreed with them, that the industrious poor were to pay for these cursed extravagancies; that the city beauties were not inferior to those of the other end of the town, and yet a sober husband in this quarter of the town was satisfied with one wife; after which, to outdo their murmurings, he said, that he wondered Whitehall was

not yet consumed by fire from heaven, since such rakes as Rochester, Killegrew, and Sedley, were suffered there, who had the impudence to assert, that all the married men in the city were cuckolds, and that all their wives painted. This conduct endeared him so much to the cits, and made him so welcome at their clubs, that at last he grew sick of their cramming and endless invitations.

But instead of approaching nearer the court, he retreated into one of the most obscure corners of the city; where, again changing both his name and his dress, in order to act a new part, he caused bills to be dispersed, announcing the recent arrival of a famous German doctor, who, by long application and experience, had found out wonderful secrets, and infallible remedies. His secrets consisted in

knowing what was past, and foretelling what was to come, by the assistance of astrology: and the virtue of his remedies principally consisted in giving present relief to unfortunate young women in all manner of diseases, and all kinds of accidents incident to the fair sex, either from too unbounded charity to their neighbours, or too great indulgence to themselves.

His practice at first being confined to his neighbourhood, was not very considerable; but his reputation soon extending to the other end of the town, there presently flocked to him the women attending on the court, next the chambermaids of ladies of quality, who, upon the wonders they related concerning the German doctor, were soon followed by some of their mistresses.

Among all the compositions of the ludicrous and satirical kind, there never existed any that could be compared to those of lord Rochester, either for humour, fire, or wit; but, of all his works, the most ingenious and entertaining is that which contains a detail of the intrigues and adventures in which he was engaged while he professed medicine and astrology in the suburbs of London.

The fair Jennings was very near getting a niche in this collection; but the adventure that prevented her from it, did not, however, conceal from the public her intention of paying a visit to the German doctor.

The first chambermaids that consulted him were only those of the maids of honour; they had numberless questions to ask, and not a few doubts to be resolved, both upon their own and their

mistresses' accounts. Notwithstanding their disguise, he recognised some of them, particularly Miss Temple's and Miss Price's maids, and her whom Miss Hobart had lately discarded. These creatures all returned either filled with wonder and amazement, or petrified with terror and fear. Miss Temple's chambermaid deposed, that he assured her she would have the small-pox, and her mistress the great, within two months at farthest, if her foresaid mistress did not guard against a man in woman's clothes. Miss Price's woman affirmed, that, without knowing her, and only looking in her hand, he told her at first sight, that, by the course of the stars, he perceived that she was in the service of some good-natured lady, who had no other fault than loving wine and men. In short, every one of them, struck with some

particular circumstance relating to their own private affairs, had either alarmed or diverted their mistresses with the account, not failing, according to custom, to add some embellishments, in order to enhance the wonder.

Miss Price, relating these circumstances one day to her new friend, the devil immediately tempted her to go in person, and see what sort of a creature this new magician was. This enterprise was certainly very rash; but nothing was too rash for Miss Jennings, who was of opinion that a woman might despise appearances, provided she was in reality virtuous. Miss Price was all compliance, and thus having adopted this glorious resolution, they only thought of the proper means of putting it into execution.

It was very difficult for Miss Jennings to disguise herself, on account of her extremely fair and bright complexion, and of something particular in her air and manner: however, after having well considered the matter, the best disguise they could think of, was to dress themselves like orange girls. This was no sooner resolved upon, but it was put in execution. They attired themselves alike, and, taking each a basket of oranges under their arms, they embarked in a hackney coach, and committed themselves to fortune, without any other escort than their own caprice and indiscretion.

The duchess was gone to the play with her sister; Miss Jennings had excused herself from attending them under pretence of indisposition. She was overjoyed at the happy commencement of their adventure; for they had

disguised themselves, had crossed the park, and taken their hackney coach at Whitehall gate, without the least accident. They mutually congratulated each other upon it, and Miss Price, taking a beginning so prosperous, as a good omen of their success, asked her companion what they were to do at the fortuneteller's, and what they should propose to him.

Miss Jennings told her, that, for her part, curiosity was her principal inducement for going thither; that, however, she was resolved to ask him, without naming any person, why a man, who was in love with a handsome young lady, was not eager to marry her, since it was in his power to do it, and by so doing, he would have an opportunity of gratifying his desires. Miss Price told her smiling, that, without going to the astrologer,

nothing was more easy than to explain the enigma, as she herself had almost given her a solution of it in the narrative of the duchess of Cleveland's adventures.

Having by this time nearly arrived at the playhouse, Miss Price, after a moment's reflection, observed, that since fortune had so far favoured them, a fair opportunity was now offered to signalize their courage, by going and selling oranges in the playhouse, in the sight of the duchess and the whole court. This proposal being worthy of the sentiments of the one, and of the vivacity of the other, they immediately alighted, paid off their hack, and, running through the midst of an immense number of coaches, with great difficulty they reached the playhouse door. Sidney, more handsome than the beautiful Adonis, and

dressed more gaily than usual, was just then alighting from his carriage: Miss Price went boldly up to him as he was adjusting his curls; but he was too much occupied with his own dear self, to attend to any thing else, and so passed on without deigning to give her an answer. Killegrew came next, and the fair Jennings, partly encouraged by the other's pertness, advanced towards him, and offered him her basket, whilst Price, more used to the language, desired him to buy her fine oranges. 'Not now,' said he, looking at them with attention; 'but if thou 'wilt to-morrow morning bring this 'young girl to my lodgings, I will 'make it worth all the oranges in 'London to thee:' and while he thus spoke to the one, he chucked the other under the chin, and put his hand upon

her bosom. These familiarities made little Jennings forget the part she was acting, and after pushing him away with violence, she told him with indignation, that it was very insolent in him to dare—— 'Ha! ha!' said he, 'here's a rarity indeed! a young w——, 'who, the better to sell her goods, 'sets up for virtue, and pretends in-'nocence!'

Price immediately perceived that nothing could be gained by continuing any longer in so dangerous a place; and, taking her companion under the arm, she dragged her away, while she was still agitated with the insult that had been offered to her.

Miss Jennings, resolving to sell no more oranges on these terms, was tempted to return, without accomplishing the other adventure; but Price having represented to her the disgrace

of such cowardly behaviour, more particularly after having before manifested so much resolution, she at last consented to go and pay the astrologer a short visit, so as to enable them to regain the palace before the play was ended.

They had one of the doctor's bills for a direction, but there was no occasion for it; for the coachman they had taken, told them he knew very well the place they wanted, for he had already carried above an hundred persons to the German doctor's. They were within half a street of his house, when fortune thought proper to play them a trick.

Brounker had dined by chance with a merchant in that part of the town, and just as he was going away, as ill-luck would have it, they ordered their coach to stop just opposite to him,

Two orange girls in a hackney coach, one of whom appeared to have a very pretty face, immediately drew his attention; besides, he had a natural curiosity for such objects.

Of all the men at court, Brounker had the least esteem for the fair-sex, and the least regard to their reputation: he was not young, and his person was disagreeable; however, with a great deal of wit, he had a violent passion for women. He did himself justice respecting his own merit; and, being persuaded that he could only succeed with females who were desirous of having his money, he carried on open war with all the rest. He had a little country-house four or five miles from London always well stocked with girls. In other respects he was a very good sort of man, and the best chess-player in England.

Price, alarmed at being thus closely examined by the most dangerous enemy they could encounter, turned her head the other way, bid her companion do the same, and told the coachman to drive on. Brounker followed them on foot unperceived; and the coach having stopped twenty or thirty yards farther up the street, they alighted. He came up behind them, and formed the same judgment of them, which a man much more charitable to the sex would have done; which was that Miss Jennings was a young courtesan upon the look-out, and that Miss Price was the mother abbess. He was, however, surprised to see them have much better shoes and stockings than women of that rank generally wear, and that the little orange girl, in getting out of a very high coach, shewed one of the handsomest legs he had ever seen; but

as all this was no obstruction to his designs, he resolved to purchase her at any rate, in order to place her in his seraglio.

He came up to them as they were giving their baskets in charge to the coachman, with orders to wait for them exactly in that place. Brounker immediately pushed in between them, and as soon as they saw him they gave themselves up for lost; but he, without noticing their surprise, took Price aside with one hand, while he drew out his purse with the other, and began immediately to enter upon business, but was astonished to perceive that she turned away her face, without either answering or looking at him. As this conduct appeared to him unnatural, he stared her full in the face, notwithstanding all her endeavours to prevent him. He did the same to the other,

and immediately recognised them both, but took care not to betray his knowledge of them.

The old fox possessed great presence of mind upon such occasions, and having teased them a little longer to remove their suspicions, he quitted them, telling Price, 'that she was a great 'fool to refuse his offers, and that her 'girl would not, perhaps, get so much 'in a year, as she might with him in 'one day; that the times were greatly 'changed, as the queen's and the 'duchess's maids of honour now fore-'stalled the market, and were to be had 'cheaper than the town ladies.' Upon this he went back to his coach, whilst they hid their faces, returning heaven their most hearty thanks for having escaped this danger without being discovered.

Brounker, on the other hand, who

would not have taken a thousand guineas for this rencontre, blessed God that he had not alarmed them to such a degree as to frustrate their intention; for he made no doubt but Miss Price had managed some intrigue for Miss Jennings. He saw immediately, that at present he could derive no advantage by making known his discovery, which would have answered no other end but to have overwhelmed them with confusion. Upon this account, although Jermyn was one of his best friends, he felt a secret joy in not having prevented his being made a cuckold before his marriage; and the dread he was in of preserving him from that misfortune, was his sole reason for quitting them with the precautions we have mentioned.

Whilst they were under these alarms, their coachman had got into a

squabble with some blackguard boys, who had gathered round his coach in order to steal the oranges. From words, they came to blows. The two nymphs saw the commencement of the fray as they were returning to the coach, after having abandoned the design of going to the fortuneteller's. Their coachman being a man of spirit, it was with great difficulty they could persuade him to leave their oranges to the mob, that they might get off without any farther disturbance. Having thus regained their hack, after being greatly terrified, and receiving an abundant share of the most low and infamous abuse during the fracas, they at length reached St. James's, vowing never more to go after fortunetellers, through so many dangers and alarms as they had just experienced.

Brounker, who from the indifferent

opinion he entertained of the virtue of the fair-sex, would have staked his life that Miss Jennings did not return from this expedition in the same condition she went, kept his thoughts, however, a profound secret; as nothing would have afforded him higher satisfaction than to have seen the all-fortunate Jermyn marry a little street-walker, who pretended to pass for a pattern of chastity, that he might the day after his marriage congratulate him upon his virtuous spouse; but heaven was not disposed to afford him that satisfaction, as will appear in the sequel of these memoirs.

CHAPTER XI.

Miss Hamilton was in the country, as we before mentioned, at the house of a relation: the Chevalier de Grammont bore this short absence of her's with great uneasiness, as she would not allow him to visit her there, upon any pretence whatever; but play, which was favourable to him, was no small relief to his extreme impatience.

Miss Hamilton, however, at last returned. Mrs. Wetenhall (for that was the name of her relation) would by all means wait upon her to London, apparently out of politeness; for ceremony, carried beyond all bearing, is the grand characteristic of country gentry. Yet this mark of civility was only a pretence made use of to obtain

a peevish husband's consent to his wife's journey to town. Perhaps he would have done himself the honour of conducting Miss Hamilton up to London, had he not been employed in writing some remarks upon ecclesiastical history, a work in which he had long been engaged. The ladies were more civil than to interrupt him in his undertaking, and besides, it would entirely have disconcerted all Mrs. Wetenhall's schemes.

This lady was what may be properly called a perfect English beauty, made up of lilies and roses, of snow and milk, as to complexion; and of wax, with respect to the arms, hands, neck, and feet; but all this without either animation or air. Her face was uncommonly pretty, but there was no variety, no change of countenance in it: one would have thought she took

it in the morning out of a case, in order to put it up again at night, without using it in the smallest degree in the daytime. What can I say of her! nature had formed her a baby from her infancy, and a baby remained till death the fair Mrs. Wetenhall. Her husband had been destined for the church; but his elder brother dying just as he had finished his studies, instead of taking orders, he took the road to England, and Miss Bedingfield, the lady of whom we are now speaking, for a wife.

His person was not disagreeable, but he had a serious contemplative air, very apt to give one the vapours: as to his other qualities, she might boast of having one of the greatest theological scholars in the kingdom for her husband: he was all day poring over his books, and went to bed soon, in order to rise early; so that when his

wife came to bed she found him snoring, and when he rose he left her there sound asleep. His conversation at table would have been very animated, if Mrs. Wetenhall had been as great a proficient in divinity, or as great a lover of controversy, as he was; but being neither learned in the former, nor desirous of the latter, silence reigned at their table, as absolutely as at a refectory.

She had frequently expressed a great desire to see London; but though they were only distant a very short day's journey from it, she had never been able to satisfy her curiosity: it was not therefore without reason, that she grew weary of the life she was forced to lead at Peckham. The melancholy retired situation of the place was to her insupportable; and as she had the folly, incident to many other

women, of believing sterility to be a kind of reproach, she was very much hurt to think that she might fall under that suspicion; for she was persuaded, that although heaven had denied her children, she nevertheless had all the necessary requisites on her part, if it had been the will of the Lord. This had occasioned her to make some reflections, and then to reason upon those reflections; as for instance, that since her husband chose rather to devote himself to his studies, than to the duties of matrimony; to turn over musty old books, rather than attend to youthful charms; and to gratify his own pleasures, rather than those of his wife, it might be permitted her to relieve some necessitous lover, in neighbourly charity, provided she could do it conscientiously, and to direct her inclinations in so just a manner, that

the evil spirit should have no concern in it. Mr. Wetenhall, a zealous partisan for the doctrine of the casuists, would not perhaps have approved of these decisions; but he was not consulted upon the occasion.

The misfortune was, that neither solitary Peckham, nor its sterile neighbourhood, afforded any thing favourable to the designs, or for the relief of poor Mrs. Wetenhall: she was visibly pining away, when through fear of dying either of solitude or inanition, she had recourse to Miss Hamilton's compassion. They had become acquainted at Paris, whither Mr. Wetenhall had taken his wife half a year after their marriage, for the purpose of buying books. Miss Hamilton, who from that time greatly pitied her, had consented to pass some time in the country with her, in hopes by that

visit to deliver her, for a short time at least, out of her captivity; which project succeeded according to her wish.

The Chevalier de Grammont, being informed of the day on which they were to arrive, borne on the wings of love and impatience, had engaged George Hamilton to go with him, and meet them some miles out of London. The equipage he had prepared for the purpose, corresponded with his usual magnificence; and, on such an occasion, we may reasonably suppose he had not neglected his person. However, with all his impatience, he checked the ardour of the coachman, through fear of accidents; rightly judging that upon a road prudence is preferable to eagerness. The ladies at length appeared, and Miss Hamilton looking, in his eyes, a dozen times handsomer

than before her departure from London, he would have purchased with his life so kind a reception as she gave her brother.

Mrs. Wetenhall had her full share of praises, which at this interview were liberally bestowed upon her beauty, for which her beauty was very thankful to those who did it so much honour; and as Hamilton regarded her with a tender attention, she looked upon him as a man very well qualified for putting in execution the little projects she had concerted with her conscience.

As soon as she got to London, her head was almost turned, through an excess of contentment and felicity. Every thing appeared like enchantment to her in this superb city; more particularly, as in Paris she had never seen any thing farther than the Ruë

Saint Jaques, and a few booksellers' shops. She had apartments with Miss Hamilton, and was presented, admired, and well received at both courts.

The Chevalier de Grammont, whose gallantry and entertainments were inexhaustible, taking occasion, from this fair stranger's arrival, to display his magnificence, nothing was to be seen but balls, concerts, plays, excursions by land and by water, and splendid collations every where: Mrs. Wetenhall was transported with pleasures, most of which were entirely new to her. It was only now and then at the theatre, when a tragedy was acted, that she confessed she felt rather tired. She agreed, however, that the shew was very interesting, when there were many people killed upon the stage, but thought the players were very fine

handsome fellows, who were much better alive than dead.

Hamilton, upon the whole, was pretty well treated by her, if a gallant, who is never satisfied without the completion of his wishes, could confine himself within the bounds of reason. He used all his endeavours to induce her to put in execution the projects she had formed at Peckham: Mrs. Wetenhall, on the other hand, was much pleased with him. This is the Hamilton who has since served in the French army with distinction: he was both agreeable and handsome. All imaginable opportunities conspired to favour the establishment of an intimacy, whose commencement had been so brisk, that it was not likely to languish towards the conclusion; but the more he pressed her to it, the more her resolution began to fail, and regard

for some scruples, which she had not well weighed, kept her in suspense: there is reason to believe that a little perseverance would have removed these scruples; yet for this time things remained as they were. Hamilton, unable to conceive what prevented her from completing his happiness, as in his opinion the first and greatest difficulties of the affair were already overcome, with respect to the public, resolved to abandon her to her irresolution, instead of endeavouring to triumph over it by a more vigorous attack. It was not his general character to abandon an enterprise where so many prospects of success presented themselves, for such inconsiderable obstacles; but he suffered himself about this time to be intoxicated with chimeras and visions, which unseasonably

cooled his ardour in this, and led him astray in another unprofitable pursuit.

I know not whether poor Wetenhall took the blame upon herself; but it is certain, she was extremely mortified upon it. Soon after, being obliged to return to her cabbages and turkies at Peckham, she had almost gone distracted: that residence appeared a thousand times more dreadful to her since she had been initiated into the pleasures of London. However, as the queen was to set out within a month for Tunbridge Wells, she was obliged to yield to necessity, and return to her philosophical spouse, with the consolation of having engaged Miss Hamilton to come and live at her house, which was within ten or twelve miles of Tunbridge, as long as the court remained there.

Miss Hamilton promised not to abandon her in her retirement; and farther engaged to bring the Chevalier de Grammont along with her, with whose humour and conversation she was extremely delighted, and the Chevalier, who on all occasions started agreeable raillery, engaged on his part to bring George Hamilton, which proposition overwhelmed her with blushes.

The court set out soon after to pass about two months in that place, of all Europe the most rural and simple, and yet, at the same time, the most entertaining and agreeable.

Tunbridge is about the same distance from London, that Fontainebleau is from Paris, and is, at the season, the general rendezvous of all the gay and handsome of both sexes. The company, though numerous, is always se-

lect, as the number of those who repair thither for diversion, ever exceeds the number of those who go thither for health. Every thing there breathes mirth and pleasure: constraint is banished, familiarity is established upon the first acquaintance, and joy and pleasure are the sole sovereigns of the place.

The company are accommodated with lodgings in little, clean, and convenient habitations, that lie straggling and separated from each other, a mile and a half all round the Wells, where the company meet in the morning: this place consists of a long walk, shaded by spreading trees, under which they walk while they are drinking the waters. On one side of this walk is a long row of shops, plentifully stocked with all manner of toys, lace, gloves, stockings, and where there is raffling,

as at Paris in the Foire de Saint Germain: on the other side of the walk is the market; and, as it is the custom here for every person to buy their own provisions, care is taken that nothing offensive appears on the stalls. Here are young, fair, fresh-coloured country girls, with clean linen, small straw hats, and neat shoes and stockings, who sell game, vegetables, flowers, and fruit: here you may live as well as you wish: here is, likewise, deep play, and no want of intrigues. As soon as the evening comes, every one quits his little palace to assemble on the bowling-green, where, in the open air, those who choose, dance upon a turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world.

Lord Muskerry had, within two or three short miles of Tunbridge, a very handsome seat called Summer-hill.

Miss Hamilton, after having spent eight or ten days at Peckham, could not excuse herself from passing the remainder of the season there; and, having obtained leave of Mr. Wetenhall, that his lady should accompany her, they left the melancholy residence of Peckham, and its tiresome owner, and fixed their little court at Summerhill.

They went every day to court, or the court came to them. The queen even surpassed her usual attentions in inventing and supporting entertainments: she endeavoured to increase the natural ease and freedom of Tunbridge, by dispensing altogether with the ceremonies that were due to her rank; and, confining in the bottom of her heart that grief and uneasiness she could not overcome, she allowed Miss Stewart the triumphant possession of

C. Knight f.

PRINCE RUPERT.

From a Miniature by Cooper, in the Poſſeſsion of Mr. Edwards Pall Mall.

Pub. July 1. 1808. by John White Fleet St. & John Scott Strand.

the king's affections without manifesting the least uneasiness.

Never did love see his empire in a more flourishing condition than on this spot: those who were smitten before they came to it, felt a wonderful increase of their flame; and men who seemed the least susceptible of love, laid aside their natural ferocity, and appeared perfectly new characters. For the truth of this last observation, we shall only relate the change which appeared in the conduct of Prince Rupert.

He was brave and courageous, even to rashness; but cross-grained and incorrigibly obstinate: his genius was fertile in mathematical experiments, and he possessed some knowledge of chemistry: he was polite even to excess, unseasonably; but haughty, and even brutal, when he ought to have

been gentle and courteous: he was tall, and his manners were ungracious: he had a dry hard-favoured visage, and a stern look, even when he wished to please; but, when he was out of humour, he was the true picture of reproof.

The queen had sent for the players, either that there might be no intermission in the diversions of the place, or, perhaps, to retort upon Miss Stewart, by the presence of Nell Gwyn, part of the uneasiness she felt from her's: Prince Rupert found charms in the person of another player, called Hughes, who brought down, and greatly subdued his natural fierceness. From this time, adieu alembics, crucibles, furnaces, and all the black furniture of the forges! a complete farewell to all mathematical instruments and chemical speculations! Sweet

Bocquet sc.

Mrs. Hughes.

From a Picture by Sir Peter Lely.

Pub. July 1. 1808. by John White Fleet St.r & John Scott Strand.

powder and essences were now the only ingredients that occupied any share of his attention. The impertinent gipsy chose to be attacked in form; and proudly refusing money, that, in the end, she might sell her favours at a dearer rate, she caused the poor prince to act a part so unnatural, that he no longer appeared like the same person. The king was greatly pleased with this event, for which great rejoicings were made at Tunbridge; but nobody was bold enough to make it the subject of satire, though the same constraint was not observed respecting the follies of other personages.

There was dancing every day at the queen's house, because the physicians recommended it, and no person thought it amiss; for even those who cared least for it, chose that exercise

to digest the waters rather than walking. Lord Muskerry thought himself secure this time against his lady's rage for dancing; for, although he was ashamed of it, the Princess of Babylon was, by the grace of God, six or seven months advanced in pregnancy; and, to complete her misfortune, the child had fallen all on one side, so that even Euclid would have been puzzled to say, what her figure was. The disconsolate lady, seeing Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Wetenhall set out every morning, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes in a carriage, but always attended by a gallant troop to conduct them to court, and to convey them back, fancied a thousand times more delights at Tunbridge than in reality there were, and never ceased, in her imagination, to dance over at Summerhill all the country dances which she

thought had been danced at Tunbridge. She could no longer support the racking torments which disturbed her mind, when kind heaven, out of pity to her pains and sufferings, took Lord Muskerry to London, and kept him there two whole days: no sooner had he turned his back, than the Babylonian princess declared her resolution to take a trip to court.

She had a domestic chaplain who did not want sense, and Lord Muskerry, for fear of accidents, had recommended her to the wholesome counsels and good prayers of this prudent divine; but in vain did he preach and exhort her to stay at home; in vain did he set before her eyes her husband's commands, and the dangers to which she would expose herself in her present condition; and in vain did he remind her, that her pregnancy being a par-

ticular blessing from heaven, she ought to be so much the more careful for its preservation, since it cost, perhaps, more trouble than she was aware of, to obtain it. These remonstrances were altogether ineffectual: Miss Hamilton, and her cousin Wetenhall, having the complaisance to confirm her in her resolution, they assisted in dressing her the next morning, and set out along with her. It required all their skill and dexterity to reduce her shape into some kind of symmetry; but, having at last pinned a small cushion under her petticoat on the right side, to counteract the untoward appearance the wicked little urchin occasioned, by throwing itself on the left, they almost split their sides with laughter, assuring her at the same time that she looked perfectly charming.

As soon as she appeared, it was

generally believed that she had dressed herself in a farthingale, in order to pay her court to the queen; but every person was pleased at her arrival. Those who were unacquainted with the contrivance assured her in earnest that she was pregnant with twins; and the queen, who envied her condition, notwithstanding the ridiculous appearance she then made, being made acquainted with the motive of her journey, resolved to gratify her inclinations.

As soon as the hour for country-dances arrived, her cousin Hamilton was appointed her partner. She made some faint excuses at first, on account of the inconvenient situation she was then in; but soon suffered them to be overcome, in order, as she said, to shew her duty to the queen; and never

did a woman in this world enjoy such complete satisfaction.

We have already observed, that the greatest prosperity is liable to the greatest change: Lady Muskerry, trussed up as she was, appeared not to feel the least inconvenience from the motion in dancing; on the contrary, being only apprehensive of the presence of her husband, which would have destroyed all her happiness, she danced with uncommon briskness, lest her ill stars should bring him back before she had fully satisfied herself with it. In the midst, therefore, of her capering in this indiscreet manner, her cushion came loose without her perceiving it, and fell to the ground, in the very middle of the first round. The Duke of Buckingham, who was watching her, took it up instantly,

wrapped it up in his coat, and, mimicking the cries of a new-born infant, went about enquiring for a nurse for the young Muskerry among the maids of honour.

This buffoonery, joined to the strange figure of the poor lady, had almost thrown Miss Stewart into hysterics; for the Princess of Babylon, after this accident, was quite flat on one side, and immoderately protuberant on the other. All those, who had before suppressed their inclination to laugh, now gave it free scope, when they saw that Miss Stewart was ready to burst. The poor lady was greatly disconcerted: every person was officious to console her; and the queen, who inwardly laughed more heartily than any, pretended to disapprove of their taking such liberties.

Whilst Miss Hamilton and Mrs.

Wetenhall endeavoured to refit lady Muskerry in another room, the Duke of Buckingham told the king, that, if the physicians would permit a little exercise immediately after a delivery, the best way to recover Lady Muskerry was to renew the dance as soon as her infant was replaced: this advice was approved, and accordingly put in execution. The queen proposed, as soon as she appeared, a second round of country-dances; and Lady Muskerry accepting the offer, the remedy had the desired effect, and entirely removed every remembrance of her late mishap.

Whilst these things were passing at the king's court, that of the Duke of York took a journey on the other side of London. The pretence of this journey was to visit the county whose name he bore; but love was the real

motive. The duchess, since her elevation, had conducted herself with so much prudence and circumspection, as to excite universal admiration. Such were her manners, and the general estimation in which she was held, that she appeared to have found out the secret of pleasing every one; a secret yet more rare than the grandeur to which she had been raised. But after having gained universal esteem, she was desirous of being more particularly beloved; or, more properly speaking, malicious Cupid assaulted her heart, in spite of the discretion, prudence, and reason, with which she had fortified it.

In vain had she said to herself a hundred times, that, if the duke had been so kind as to do her justice by falling in love with her, he had done her too much honour by making her

his wife; that, with respect to his inconstant disposition, which estranged him from her, she ought to bear it with patience, until it pleased heaven to produce a change in his conduct; that the frailties on his part, which might to her appear injurious, would never justify in her the least deviation from her duty; and, that as resentment was still less allowable, she ought to endeavour to regain him by a conduct entirely opposite to his own. In vain was it, as we have said before, that she had long resisted love and his emissaries by the help of these maxims: how solid soever reason, and however obstinate wisdom and virtue may be, there are yet certain attacks which tire by their length, and, in the end, subdue both reason and virtue itself.

The Duchess of York was one of

the greatest eaters in England: as this was an unforbidden pleasure, she indulged herself in it, as an indemnification for other self-denials. It was really an edifying sight to see her at table. The duke, on the contrary, incessantly giving way to new caprices, exhausted himself by his inconstancy, and was gradually wasting away; whilst the poor princess, gratifying her good appetite, grew so fat and plump, that it was a blessing to see her. It is not easy to determine how long matters might have continued in this state, if Love, who was resolved to have satisfaction for her late conduct, so opposite to the former, had not employed artifice, as well as force, to disturb her repose.

He at first let loose upon her resentment and jealousy, two mortal enemies to the tranquillity of the heart.

A tall creature, pale-faced, and nothing but skin and bone, named Churchill, whom she had taken for a maid of honour, became the object of her jealousy, because she was then the object of the duke's affection. The court was not able to comprehend how, after having been in love with Lady Chesterfield, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Jennings, he could have any inclination for such a creature; but they soon perceived that something more than an unaccountable love of variety had a great share in effecting this conquest.

The duchess beheld with indignation a choice which seemed to debase her own merit in a much greater degree than any of the former; at the very instant that indignation and jealousy began to provoke her spleen, perfidious Cupid threw in the way of

her passions and resentments the amiable, handsome Sidney, and whilst he kept her eyes fixed upon his personal perfections, diverted her attention from perceiving the weakness of his intellect. She was wounded before she was aware of her danger; but the good opinion Sidney had of his own merit, did not suffer him long to remain ignorant of such a glorious conquest; in order more effectually to secure it, his eyes rashly answered every thing, which those of her royal highness had the kindness to tell him, whilst his personal accomplishments were carefully heightened by all the advantages of dress and shew.

The duchess, foreseeing the consequences of such an engagement, strongly combated the inclination that hurried her away; but Miss Hobart, siding with that inclination, combated

her scruples, and, in the end, really vanquished them. This girl had insinuated herself into her royal highness's confidence by a fund of news with which she was provided the whole year round: both court and city supplied her, nor was it very material to her whether her stories were true or false, her chief care being that they should prove agreeable to her mistress. She knew, likewise, how to gratify her palate, and constantly provided a variety of those dishes and liquors which she liked best. These qualifications had rendered her necessary; but, desirous of being still more so, and having perceived both the airs that Sidney gave himself, and what was passing in the heart of her mistress, the cunning Hobart took the liberty of telling her royal highness, that this unfortunate youth was pining

away solely on her account; that it was a thousand pities a man of his figure should lose the respect for her which was most certainly her due, merely because she had reduced him to such a state, that he could no longer preserve it; that he was gradually dying away on her account, in the sight of the whole court; that his situation would soon be generally remarked, unless she made use of the proper means to prevent it; that, in her opinion, her royal highness ought to pity the miserable situation into which her charms had reduced him, and to endeavour to alleviate his pain in some way or other. The duchess asked her what she meant by endeavouring to alleviate his pain in some way or other. 'I mean, 'madam,' answered Miss Hobart, 'that, 'if either his person be disagreeable, 'or his passion troublesome, you will

'give him his discharge; or, if you 'choose to retain him in your service, 'as all the princesses in the world 'would do in your place, that you 'will permit me to give him directions 'from you for his future conduct, 'mixed with a few grains of hope, to 'prevent his entirely losing his senses, 'until you find a proper occasion your-'self to acquaint him with your wishes.' 'What!' said the duchess, 'would you 'advise me, Hobart, you, who really 'love me, to engage in an affair of 'this nature, at the expence of my 'honour, and the hazard of a thousand 'inconveniences! If such frailties are 'sometimes excusable, they certainly 'are not so in the high station in 'which I am placed; and it would be 'an ill requital, on my part, for his 'goodness, who raised me to the rank 'I now fill, to ——' 'All this is very

'fine,' interrupted Miss Hobart; 'but,
'is it not very well known, that he
'only married you, because he was
'importuned so to do? Since that, I
'appeal to yourself, whether he has
'ever restrained his inclination a single
'moment, giving you the most con-
'vincing proofs of the change that has
'taken place in his heart, by a thousand
'provoking infidelities? Is it still your
'intention to persevere in a state of
'indolence and humility, whilst the
'duke, after having received the fa-
'vours, or suffered the repulses of all
'the coquets in England, is hunting
'down your maids of honour, one after
'the other, and at present places his
'whole ambition and desires in the
'conquest of that ugly harridan
'Churchill? What! Madam, must the
'prime of your life be spent in a sort
'of widowhood, in deploring your

'misfortunes, without ever being per-
'mitted to make use of any remedy
'that may offer? A woman must be
'endowed with insuperable patience,
'or with an inexhaustible degree of
'resignation, to bear this. Can a hus-
'band, who neglects you both night
'and day, really suppose, because his
'wife eats and drinks heartily, as, God
'be thanked, your royal highness does,
'that she wants nothing else than to
'sleep well too? Faith, such conduct
'is too bad: I therefore repeat to you,
'madam, that there is not a princess
'in the universe who would refuse the
'homage of a man like Sidney, when
'a husband pays his addresses else-
'where.'

These reasons were certainly not morally good; but had they been still worse, the duchess would have yielded to them, so much did her heart act in

concert with Miss Hobart, to overthrow her prudence and discretion.

This intrigue began at the very time that Miss Hobart advised Miss Temple, not to give any encouragement to the addresses of the handsome Sidney. As for him, no sooner was he informed, by the confidant Hobart, that the goddess accepted his adoration, than he immediately began to be particularly reserved and circumspect in his behaviour, in order to divert the attention of the public; but the public is not so easily deceived as some people imagine.

As there were too many spies, too many inquisitive people, and critics, in a numerous court, residing in the midst of a great metropolis, the duchess, to avoid exposing the inclinations of her heart to the scrutiny of so many inquisitors, engaged

the Duke of York to undertake the journey before mentioned, whilst the queen and her court were at Tunbridge.

This journey was prudent; and, if agreeable to her, was far from displeasing to any of her court, except Miss Jennings: Jermyn was not of the party, and, in her opinion, every party was insipid of which he did not make one. He had engaged himself in an enterprize above his strength, in laying a wager which the Chevalier de Grammont had laid before, and lost: he betted five hundred guineas, that he would ride twenty miles in one hour upon the same horse, in the high road. The day he had fixed upon for this race, was the very same on which Miss Jennings went to the fortune-teller's.

Jermyn was more fortunate than her in his undertaking: he came off

victorious; but as his courage had far exceeded the strength of his constitution, in this exertion, in winning the wager, he caught a violent fever into the bargain, which brought him very low. Miss Jennings enquired after his health; but that was all she dared to do. In modern romances, a princess need only pay a visit to some hero, abandoned by his physicians, to effect his perfect cure in three days; but as Miss Jennings had not been the cause of Jermyn's fever, she was not certain that her presence would relieve him from it, even though she had been sure that a charitable visit would not have been censured in a malicious court. Without therefore paying any attention to the uneasiness she might feel upon the occasion, the court set out without him; she had, however, the gratification of displaying her ill-

humour throughout the whole journey, by appearing displeased with every thing which seemed to afford satisfaction to the rest of the company.

Talbot made one of the party; and as he flattered himself, that the absence of a dangerous rival might produce some change in his favour, he was attentive to all the actions, motions, and even gestures, of his former mistress. There was certainly enough fully to employ his attention: it was not in her nature to remain long in a serious humour: her vivacity hurried her away, from apparent fits of absence, into sallies of wit, which afforded him hopes, that she would soon forget Jermyn, and remember that his own passion was the first she had encouragĕd. However he kept his distance, notwithstanding his love and his hopes, being of opinion, that it ill

became an injured lover to betray either the least weakness, or the smallest return of affection for an ungrateful mistress, who had deserted him.

Miss Jennings, who was so far from thinking of his resentments, that she did not even recollect he had ever paid his addresses to her, and had her thoughts wholly occupied with the poor invalid, conducted herself towards Talbot as if they never had had any thing to say to each other. It was to him that she generally gave her hand, either in getting into or out of the carriage; she conversed more readily with him than any other person, and, without intending it, did every thing to make the court believe she was cured of her passion for Jermyn in favour of her former lover.

Of this he seemed likewise convinced as well as the rest; and think-

ing it now proper to act another part, in order to let her know that his sentiments with respect to her were unchanged, he had resolved to address her in the most tender and affectionate manner upon this subject. Fortune seemed to have favoured him, and to have smoothed the way for this intended harangue: he was alone with her in her chamber; and what was still better, she was rallying him concerning Miss Boynton; saying, that they were undoubtedly much obliged to him, for attending them on their journey, whilst poor Miss Boynton had fainting fits at Tunbridge, at least twice every day, for love of him. Upon this discourse Talbot thought it right to begin the recital of his sufferings and fidelity, when Miss Temple, with a paper in her hand, entered the room. This was a

poetical epistle, which Lord Rochester had written some time before upon the intrigues of the two courts, wherein, speaking of Miss Jennings, he said: 'that Talbot had struck terror among 'the people of God, by his gigantic 'stature; but that Jermyn, like a little 'David, had vanquished the great Go-'liath.' Jennings, delighted with this allusion, read it over two or three times, thought it more entertaining than Talbot's conversation, and at first heartily laughed at it; but soon after, assuming a tender air, 'poor little 'David!' said she, with a deep sigh, and turning her face on one side during this short reverie, she shed a few tears, which assuredly did not flow for the defeat of the giant. Talbot was stung to the quick; and seeing himself so ridiculously deceived in his hopes, he quitted the room abruptly, vowing

never to think any more of a giddy girl, in whose conduct there was neither rhime nor reason; but he did not keep his resolution.

The other votaries of love, who were numerous in this court, were more successful, the journey being undertaken solely on that account. There were continual balls and entertainments upon the road; hunting, and all other diversions, wherever the court halted in its progress. The tender lovers flattered themselves with the thought of being able to crown their happiness, as they proceeded on their journey; and the beauties who governed their destiny did not forbid them to hope. Sidney paid his court with wonderful assiduity; the duchess made the duke take notice of his late perfect devotion to his service: his royal highness observed it, and agreed

that he ought to be remembered upon the first opportunity, which happened soon after.

Montagu, whom we have before mentioned, was gentleman usher to the duchess: he was possessed of a great deal of wit and penetration, and dearly loved mischief. What should she do with such a man near her person, in the present situation of her heart? This greatly embarrassed her, but Montagu's elder brother having very à-propos got himself killed, where he had no business, the duke obtained for Montagu the post of gentleman usher to the queen, which the deceased enjoyed, and the handsome Sidney was appointed to succeed him in the same employment to the duchess. All this happened according to her wish, and the duke was highly pleased that he had found means to promote

these two gentlemen at once, without being at the least expence.

Miss Hobart greatly applauded these promotions; she had frequent and long conversations with Sidney, which being remarked, some did her the honour to believe it was upon her own account; and, the compliments that were made her upon the occasion she most willingly received. The duke, who believed it at first, remarked to the duchess the unaccountable taste of certain persons, and wondered how the handsomest young fellow in England could be infatuated with such a frightful creature.

The duchess confessed that taste was very unaccountable, the truth whereof he himself seemed to be convinced of, in making choice of the beauteous Helen for his mistress. I know not whether this raillery caused

him to reflect for what reasons he had made this choice; but it is certain he began at this time to cool in his attention to Miss Churchill, and perhaps he would entirely have abandoned this pursuit, had not an accident taken place, which raised in him an entirely new inclination for her.

The court having halted for a few days in a fine open country, the duchess was desirous of seeing a greyhound course: this diversion is practised in England upon large downs, where the turf is particularly green, and wonderfully even. She remained in her carriage, and all the ladies on horseback, every one of them being attended by her squire; it therefore was but reasonable, that the mistress should likewise have her squire. He accordingly remained at the side of her carriage, and seemed to compensate for

his deficiencies in conversation, by the uncommon beauty of his mien and figure.

The duke attended Miss Churchill, not for the sake of besieging her with soft flattering tales of love, but on the contrary to chide her for sitting so ill on horseback. She was one of the most indolent creatures in the world; and although the maids of honour are generally the worst mounted of the whole court, yet, in order to distinguish her, on account of the favour she enjoyed, they had given her a very pretty, though rather a high spirited horse: a distinction she would very willingly have dispensed with.

The embarrassment, and fear she was under, had added to her natural paleness: in this situation her countenance had almost completed the duke's disgust, when her horse, de-

sirous of keeping pace with the others, set off at full gallop, in spite of all her efforts to prevent him; and her endeavours to hold him in, firing his mettle, he at length set off at full speed, as if he was running a race against the duke's horse.

Miss Churchill lost her seat, screamed out, and fell from her horse. A fall, while the horse was going at so quick a pace, must have been violent, and yet it proved favourable to her in every respect; for without receiving any hurt, she gave the lie to all the unfavourable ideas that had been formed of her person, in judging from her face. The duke alighted in order to assist her: she was so greatly stunned, that her thoughts were otherwise employed than about decency on the present occasion; and those who first crowded around her found her rather

in a negligent posture: they could hardly believe that limbs of such exquisite beauty could belong to Miss Churchill's face. After this accident it was remarked that the duke's tenderness and affection for her increased every day; and towards the end of the winter it appeared that she had not tyrannized over his passion, nor made him languish with impatience.

The two courts returned to London much about the same time, equally satisfied with their respective excursions; though the queen was disappointed in the hopes she had entertained of the good effects of the Tunbridge waters.

It was about this time that the Chevalier de Grammont received a letter from the Marchioness de Saint Chaumont, his sister, acquainting him, that he might return when he thought

proper, the king having given him leave. He would have received this news with joy at any other time, whatever had been the charms of the English court; but in the present situation of his heart, he could not resolve to quit it.

He had returned from Tunbridge more deeply in love than ever; for during this agreeable excursion, he had every day seen Miss Hamilton, either in the marshes of melancholy Peckham, in the delicious walks of cheerful Summer-hill, or in the daily diversions and entertainments of the queen's court: and whether he saw her on horseback, conversed with her, or observed her in the dance, he became more and more persuaded that heaven had never formed an object in every respect more worthy of the love, and deserving of the affection, of a man of

sense and delicacy. How then was it possible for him to bear the thoughts of leaving her! This appeared to him absolutely impracticable; however, being desirous of making a merit with her, of the determination he had made to neglect his fortune, rather than to be separated from her, he shewed her his sister's letter; but this confidence had not the success he expected.

Miss Hamilton first of all congratulated him upon his recall, she then returned him many thanks for the sacrifice he intended to make on her account; but as this testimony of affection greatly exceeded the bounds of mere gallantry, however sensibly she might feel this mark of his tenderness, she was determined not to abuse it. In vain did he protest that he would rather meet death, than part from her charms; her charms pro-

tested that he should never see them more, unless he departed immediately. Thus was he forced to obey. However, he was allowed to flatter himself, that these peremptory orders, how harsh soever they might appear, did not flow from indifference; that she would always be more pleased at his return than at his departure, for which she was now so urgent; and having generously given him assurances that, so far as depended upon herself, he would find, upon his return, no variation in her sentiments of regard for him, he took leave of his friends, thinking of nothing but his return, at the very time he was making preparations for his departure.

CHAPTER XII.

The nearer the Chevalier de Grammont approached the court of France, the more did he regret his absence from that of England: not but that he expected a gracious reception at the feet of a master, whose anger no one provoked with impunity, but who likewise knew how to pardon, so as to make the favour he conferred in every respect be felt.

A thousand different thoughts occupied his mind upon the journey: sometimes he reflected upon the joy and satisfaction his friends and relations would experience upon his return; sometimes upon the congratulations and embraces of those, who, not being connected with him by either

of those ties, would nevertheless overwhelm him with impertinent compliments. All these ideas passed quickly through his mind; for a man deeply in love makes a scruple of conscience in suffering any other thoughts to dwell upon his mind than those of the object beloved. It was then the tender, endearing remembrance of what he had left in London, that diverted his thoughts from Paris; and it was the torments of absence that prevented his feeling those of the bad roads and the bad horses. His heart protested to Miss Hamilton, between Montreuil and Abbeville, that he only tore himself from her with such haste, to return the sooner: after which, by a sudden transition, comparing the regret he had formerly felt upon the same road, in quitting France for England, with that which he now

experienced, in quitting England for France, he found the last much more insupportable than the former.

It is in this manner that a man in love entertains himself upon the road; or rather, it is thus that an insipid writer abuses the patience of his reader, either to display his own sentiments, or to lengthen out a tedious story: but God forbid that this character should apply to ourselves, since we profess to insert nothing in these memoirs, but what we have heard from the mouth of him, whose actions and sayings we transmit to posterity.

Who, except Squire Feraulas, has ever been able to keep a register of all the thoughts, sighs, and exclamations, of his illustrious master? For my own part, I should never have thought, that the attention of the Count de Grammont, which is at present so

sensible to inconveniences and dangers, would have ever permitted him to entertain amorous thoughts upon the road, if he had not himself dictated to me what I am now writing.

But let us follow him to Abbeville. The postmaster of the place was his old acquaintance; his hotel was the best provided of any between Calais and Paris, and the Chevalier de Grammont, alighting, told Termes, he would drink a glass of wine during the time they were changing horses. It was about noon, and, since the preceding night, when they had landed at Calais, until this instant, they had not eat a single mouthful: Termes, praising the Lord, that natural feelings had for once prevailed over the inhumanity of his master's usual impatience, confirmed him as much as possible in such reasonable sentiments.

Upon their entering the kitchen, where the Chevalier generally paid his first visit, they were surprised to see half a dozen spits loaded with game at the fire, and every other preparation for a magnificent entertainment. The heart of Termes leaped for joy: he gave private orders to the hostler to pull the shoes off some of the horses, that he might not be forced away from this place, before he had satisfied his craving appetite.

Soon after, a number of violins and hautboys, attended by all the mob of the town, entered the court-yard. The landlord being asked the reason of these great preparations, acquainted the Chevalier de Grammont that they were for the wedding of one of the most wealthy gentlemen in the neighbourhood, with the handsomest girl in the whole province; that the enter-

tainment was to be at his house, and that, if his lordship chose to stop, in a very short time he would see the new-married couple arrive from the church, as the music was already come. He was right in his conjectures, for the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when three uncommonly large coaches, loaded with lacqueys as tall as Swiss, with most gaudy liveries, all covered with lace, entered the court, and disembarked the whole wedding company. Never was rustic magnificence and beauty more naturally displayed: rusty tinsel, tarnished lace, striped silks, little eyes, and full swelling breasts, appeared on every side.

If the first sight of the procession surprised the Chevalier de Grammont, the faithful Termes was no less astonished at the second. The little that was to be seen of the bride's face ap-

peared not without beauty, but it was impossible to form any judgment of the remainder. Four dozen of patches, at least, and ten ringlets of her hair, on each side, most completely concealed her face from all human eyes; but it was the bridegroom who most particularly attracted the Chevalier de Grammont's attention.

He was as ridiculously dressed as the rest of the company, with the exception of his coat, which was of the greatest magnificence, and displayed the most exquisite taste. The Chevalier de Grammont walking up to him to examine his dress, began to commend the embroidery of his coat. The bridegroom thought himself highly honoured by this examination, and told him he bought it for one hundred and fifty louis, at the time he was paying his addresses to his wife. 'Then

'you did not get it made here?' said the Chevalier. 'No,' replied the other, 'I bought it of a London merchant, 'who had ordered it for an English 'lord.' The Chevalier de Grammont, who instantly began to perceive in what manner the adventure would end, asked him if he should recollect the merchant if he saw him again. 'Recollect him!' replied the other, 'certainly I should, for I was obliged 'to sit up drinking with him all night 'at Calais, as I was endeavouring to 'beat down the price.' Termes had vanished out of sight as soon as ever this coat appeared, though he little supposed that the cursed bridegroom would have any conversation concerning it with his master.

The Chevalier's thoughts were sometime wavering between his inclination to laugh, and his desire of

hanging Master Termes; but the long habit of suffering himself to be robbed by his domestics, together with the vigilance of the criminal, whom he could not reproach with having slept in his service, inclined him to clemency; yielding therefore to the importunities of the bridegroom, and in order to confound his faithful servant, he sat down to table to make the thirty-seventh of the company.

A short time after he desired one of the waiters to call for a gentleman whose name was Termes: he immediately appeared; as soon as the master of the feast saw him, he rose from table, and offering him his hand: 'Welcome, my friend,' said he, 'you 'see that I have taken good care of 'the coat which you sold me with so 'much reluctance, and that I have 'kept it for a good purpose.'

Termes, having put on a face of

brass, pretended not to know him, and pushed him back with some degree of rudeness. 'No, no!' said the other, 'since I was obliged to sit up 'with you the whole night, in order 'to strike the bargain, you shall pledge 'me in the bride's health.' The Chevalier de Grammont, who saw that Termes was disconcerted, notwithstanding his impudence, said to him with a smile: 'Come, come, my good 'London merchant, sit down, as you 'are so civilly invited: we are not so 'crowded but that there will be room 'enough at table for such an honest 'gentleman as yourself.' At these words five and thirty of the guests were in motion to receive this new visitor: the bride alone, from an idea of decorum, remained seated. The audacious Termes, having gulped the first shame of this adventure, began to lay about him at such a rate, as if it

had been his intention to swallow all the wine provided for the wedding, if his master had not risen from table, as they were taking off four and twenty soups, in order to serve up as many other dishes in their stead.

The company were not so unreasonable as to desire a man, who was in such haste, to remain to the end of a wedding dinner; but they got up when he rose from table, and all that he could obtain from the bridegroom was, that the company should not attend him to the gate of the inn. As for Termes, he wished they had not quitted him till the end of their journey, so much did he dread being left alone with his master.

They had advanced some distance from Abbeville, and were proceeding in the most profound silence. Termes, who expected an end to it in a short time, was only solicitous in

what manner it might happen, whether his master would attack him with a torrent of invectives and epithets which were most justly his due, or whether, in an insulting ironical manner, he might make use of such commendations as were most likely to confound him. But finding instead of either, that he remained in sullen silence, he thought it prudent rather to prevent the speech the Chevalier was meditating, than to suffer him to think longer about it; and accordingly, arming himself with all his effrontery: 'You seem to be 'very angry, sir,' said he, 'and I sup- 'pose you think you have reason to 'be so; but the devil take me, if you 'are not mistaken in reality.'

'How! traitor! in reality?' said the Chevalier de Grammont: 'Is it 'then because I have not had thee 'well thrashed, as thou hast for a long

'time richly merited?' 'Look ye, sir,' replied Termes, 'you always fly into a 'passion instead of listening to reason! 'Yes, sir, I maintain that what I did was 'for your benefit.' 'And was not the 'quicksand likewise for my service?' said the Chevalier. 'Have patience, 'if you please,' pursued the other: 'I 'know not how that simpleton of a 'bridegroom happened to be at the 'custom-house when my portmanteau 'was examined at Calais; but these 'silly cuckolds thrust in their noses 'every where. As soon as he saw 'your coat, he fell in love with it; 'I immediately perceived he was a 'fool, by his falling down upon his 'knees, and beseeching me to sell it 'him: besides being greatly rumpled 'in the portmanteau, it was all stained 'in front by the sweat of the horses; 'I wonder how the devil he has ma-

'naged to get it cleaned, but faith, I 'am the greatest scoundrel in the 'world, if you would ever have put 'it on. In a word, it cost you one 'hundred and forty louis, and as he 'offered me one hundred and fifty for 'it, I said to myself, my master has 'no occasion for this tinseled finery to 'distinguish him at the ball; and al- 'though he was pretty full of cash 'when I left him, how know I in what 'situation he may be upon my return? 'there is no certainty at play. To be 'brief, sir, I got ten louis d'ors for it 'more than it cost you; this you see 'is all clear profit, I will be account- 'able to you for it, and you know 'that I am sufficiently substantial to 'make good such a sum. Confess 'now, do you think you would have 'appeared to greater advantage at the 'ball, if you had been dressed out in

'that damned coat, which would have 'made you look just like the village 'bridegroom to whom we sold it? and 'yet, how you stormed at London 'when you thought it lost: what fine 'stories you told the king about the 'quicksand; and how churlish you 'looked, when you first began to sup-'pose that this country looby wore it 'at his wedding.'

What could the Chevalier reply to such uncommon impudence! If he indulged his resentment, he must either have most severely bastinadoed him, or he must have discharged him, as the easiest escape the rogue could expect. But he had occasion for him during the remainder of his journey; and, no sooner had he got to Paris, than he had occasion for him for his return.

The Marechal de Grammont had

no sooner notice of his arrival, than he went to him at the hotel. The first embraces and inquiries having passed on both sides: 'Chevalier,' said the Marechal, 'how many days have you 'been in coming from London hither? 'for God knows at what a rate you 'travel on such occasions.' The Chevalier told him, he had been three days upon the road; and, to excuse himself for making no more haste, he related to him his Abbeville adventure. 'It is a very entertaining one,' said his brother; 'but, what is yet more 'entertaining, is, that it will be your 'fault if you do not find your coat still 'at table, for the country gentry are 'not accustomed to rise very soon 'from a wedding dinner:' and then, in a very serious tone, told him, that he knew not who had advised him to this unexpected return, which might

probably ruin all his affairs; but he had orders from the king to bid him go back again without appearing at court. He told him afterwards that he was very much astonished at his impatience, as, till this time, he had conducted himself uncommonly well, and was sufficiently acquainted with the king's temper to know, that the only way to merit his pardon, was to wait until it freely came from his clemency.

The Chevalier, in justification of his conduct, produced Madame de Saint Chaumont's letter, and told the Marechal, that he would very willingly have spared her the trouble of writing him such kind of news, to occasion him so useless a journey. 'Still more 'indiscretion,' replied his brother; 'for, 'pray how long has our sister been 'either secretary of state, or prime

'minister, that she should be employed 'by the king to make known his ma- 'jesty's orders? Do you wish to know 'the real state of the case? Some time 'ago the king told Madame how you 'had refused the pension the king of 'England offered you: he appeared 'pleased with the manner in which 'Comminges had related to him the 'circumstances attending it, and said 'he was pleased with you for it. Ma- 'dame interpreted this as an order for 'your recall; and Madame de Saint 'Chaumont being very far from pos- 'sessing that wonderful discretion she 'imagines herself mistress of, she 'hastened to dispatch to you this con- 'sequential order in her own hand. 'To conclude, Madame said yesterday, 'when the king was at dinner, that 'you would very soon be here; and 'the king, as soon as dinner was over,

'commanded me to send you back as 'soon as you arrived. Here you are: 'set off again immediately.'

This order might have appeared severe to the Chevalier de Grammont at any other time; but, in the present state of his heart, he soon resolved upon obeying. Nothing gave him uneasiness, but the officious advice which had obliged him to leave the English court; and, feeling perfectly indifferent at not being allowed to see the French court before his departure, he only desired the Marechal to obtain leave for him to stay a few days to collect some debts of honour which were owing to him: this request was granted, on condition that he should not remain in Paris.

He chose Vaugirard for his retreat: it was there that he had several adventures, which he has often related

in so humorous and diverting a manner, that it would be tedious to repeat them here. There it was that he administered the sacrament in so solemn a manner, that as there did not remain a sufficient number of Swiss at Versailles to guard the chapel, Vardes was obliged to acquaint the king that they were all gone to the Chevalier de Grammont, who was administering the sacrament at Vaugirard. There, likewise, happened that wonderful adventure, which threw the first slur upon the reputation of the great Saucourt, when, having an intrigue with the gardener's daughter, the horn, which was agreed upon as the signal to prevent surprises, was sounded so often, that the frequent alarms cooled the courage of the celebrated Saucourt, and rendered useless the assignation that was procured for him with one of

the prettiest girls in the neighbourhood. It was, likewise, during his stay at Vaugirard, that he paid a visit to Mademoiselle de l'Hopital at Issy, to inquire into the truth of a report of an amour between her and a man of the long robe; and, it was there, that on his arriving unexpectedly, the President de Maisons was forced to seek refuge in a closet, with so much precipitation, that half of his robe remained on the outside when he shut the door; while the Chevalier de Grammont, who observed it, made his visit excessively long, in order to keep the two lovers upon the rack.

His business being settled, he set out for England on the wings of love; Termes redoubled his vigilance upon the road; the post horses were ready in an instant at every stage: the winds and tides favoured his impatience, and

he reached London with the highest satisfaction. The court was both surprised and charmed at his sudden return. No person condoled with him upon his late disappointment which had occasioned him to come back, as he testified no manner of uneasiness concerning it himself. Nor was Miss Hamilton in the least displeased at his readiness in obeying the orders of the king his master.

Nothing new had happened in the English court during his short absence; but it assumed a different aspect soon after his return. I mean with respect to love and pleasure, which were the most serious concerns of the court, during the greatest part of this gay reign.

The Duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles the Second, now made his first appearance in his father's court.

His entrance upon the stage of the world was so brilliant, his ambition has occasioned so many considerable events, and the particulars of his tragical end are so recent, that it were needless to produce any other traits, to give a sketch of his character. By the whole tenor of his life he appeared to be rash in his undertakings, irresolute in the execution, and dejected in his misfortunes, in which at least an undaunted resolution ought to equal the greatness of the attempt.

His figure, and the external graces of his person were such, that nature perhaps never formed any thing more complete: his face was extremely handsome, and yet it was a manly face, neither inanimate nor effeminate, each feature having its peculiar beauty and delicacy. He had a wonderful genius for every sort of exercise, an

engaging aspect, and an air of grandeur: in a word, he possessed every personal advantage; but in proportion to the greatness of his personal, was the deficiency of his mental accomplishments. He had no opinions but such as he derived from others; and those who first insinuated themselves into his friendship, took care to inspire him with none but such as were pernicious. The astonishing beauty of his outward form excited universal admiration; those who before were looked upon as handsome, were now entirely forgotten at court; and all the gay and beautiful of the fair sex were at his devotion. He was particularly beloved by the king; but the universal terror of husbands and lovers. This, however, did not long continue; for, nature not having endowed him with qualifications to secure the pos-

session of the heart, the fair sex soon perceived the defect.

The Duchess of Cleveland was quite out of humour with the king, because the children she had by his majesty were like so many little puppets compared to this new Adonis. She was more particularly hurt, as she might have boasted of being the queen of love, in comparison with the duke's mother. The king, however, laughed at her reproaches, as, for some time, she had certainly no right to make any; and, as this piece of jealousy appeared to be more ill-founded than any she had formerly affected, no person approved of her ridiculous resentment. Not succeeding in this, she formed another scheme to give the king uneasiness. Instead of opposing his extreme tenderness for his son, she pretended to adopt him in her affection,

by a thousand commendations and caresses, which she was daily and continually increasing. As these endearments were public, she imagined they could not be suspected; but she was too well known for her real design to be mistaken. The king was no longer jealous of her; but, as the Duke of Monmouth was of an age not to be insensible to the attractions of so charming a woman, he thought proper to withdraw him from this pretended mother in law, to preserve his innocence, or at least his fame, uncontaminated. It was for this reason, therefore, that the king married him so young.

An heiress of five thousand pounds a year in Scotland, offered very à-propos. Her person was full of charms, and her mind possessed all those per-

fections in which the handsome Monmouth was so deficient.

New festivals and entertainments celebrated this marriage. The most effectual method of paying court to the king, was to outshine the rest in brilliancy and grandeur; and whilst these rejoicings brought forward all manner of gallantry and magnificence, they either revived old, or brought about new amours.

The fair Stewart, then in the meridian of her glory, attracted all eyes, and commanded universal respect and admiration: the Duchess of Cleveland endeavoured to eclipse her at this fête, by a load of jewels, and by all the artificial ornaments of dress; but it was in vain. Her face looked rather thin and pale, from the commencement of a third or fourth pregnancy, which the

Van den Bergh Sc.

THOMAS KILLIGREW.

From the Original in the Poſſession of Miſs Killigrew.

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king was still pleased to place to his own account; in other respects her person could in no degree stand in competition with the grace and beauty of Miss Stewart.

It was during this last effort of her charms, that she might have been queen of England, had the king been as much at liberty to give his hand, as he was to surrender his heart; for it was at this time that the Duke of Richmond took it into his head either to marry her, or to die in the attempt.

A few months after the celebration of the Duke of Monmouth's nuptials, Killegrew, having nothing better to do, fell in love with Lady Shrewsbury; and, as Lady Shrewsbury, by a very extraordinary chance, had no engagement at that time, Killegrew was soon gratified to the extent of his wishes.

No one thought of interrupting an intimacy which did not concern any one; but Killegrew thought proper to disturb it himself: not that his happiness fell short of his expectation, or that possession put him out of conceit with a situation so enviable; but he was amazed that he was not envied, and offended that his good fortune raised him no rivals.

He possessed a great deal of wit, and still more eloquence, which most particularly displayed itself, when he was a little elevated with the juice of the grape. At those times he indulged himself in giving luxurious descriptions of Lady Shrewsbury's most secret charms and beauties, which above half the court were as well acquainted with as himself.

The Duke of Buckingham however happened to be one of those who could

only judge from outward appearances; and appearances, in his opinion, did not seem to promise any thing so exquisite, as the extravagant praises of Killegrew would infer. As this indiscreet lover was a frequent guest at the Duke of Buckingham's table, he was continually employing his rhetoric on this subject, and he had full time for his harangues; for they generally sat down to dinner at four o'clock, and only rose just in time for the play in the evening.

The Duke of Buckingham, whose ears were continually deafened with descriptions of Lady Shrewsbury's merits, resolved at last to examine into the truth of them himself. As soon as he had made the experiment, he was satisfied; and, though he fancied that fame did not exceed the truth, yet this intrigue began in such a manner, that

it was generally believed its duration would be short, considering the fickleness of both parties, and the vivacity with which they had engaged in it: nevertheless no amour in England ever continued so long.

The imprudent Killegrew, who could not be satisfied without rivals, was obliged in the end to be satisfied without a mistress: this he bore very impatiently; but so far was Lady Shrewsbury from hearkening to, or affording any redress for the grievances at first complained of, that she even pretended not to know him. His spirit could not brook such treatment, and, without ever considering that he was the author of his own disgrace, he let loose all his abusive eloquence against her ladyship: he attacked her with the most bitter invectives from head to foot; he drew a frightful picture of

her conduct; and turned all her personal charms, which he used to extol, into defects. He was privately warned of the inconveniences to which these declamations might subject him; but despised the advice, and, persisting, he soon had reason to repent it.

As he was returning one evening from the Duke of York's apartments at St. James's, three passes with a sword were made at him through his chair, one of which went entirely through his arm. Upon this, he was sensible of the danger to which his intemperate tongue had exposed him, besides the loss of his mistress. The assassins made their escape across the park, not doubting but they had dispatched him.

Killegrew was satisfied that all complaints would be useless; for what redress from justice could he expect

for an attempt of which his wounds were his only evidence? And, besides, he was convinced that if he began a prosecution founded upon appearances and conjectures, the parties concerned would take the shortest and most effectual means to put a stop to all inquiries upon the subject, and that their second attempt should not prove ineffectual. Being desirous, therefore, of deserving mercy from those who had endeavoured to assassinate him, he no longer continued his satires, and said not a word of the adventure. The Duke of Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury remained for a long period both happy and contented: never before had her constancy been of so long a duration, nor had he ever been so submissive and respectful a lover.

This continued until Lord Shrewsbury, who never before had shewn the

Roquet Sc.

COUNTESS of SHREWSBURY.

From a Picture by Sr P.r Lely in the Poſſeſsion of the Duke of Dorset.

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least uneasiness at his lady's misconduct, thought proper to resent this: it was public enough, indeed, but less dishonourable to her than any of her former intrigues. Poor Lord Shrewsbury, too polite a man to make any reproaches to his wife, was resolved to have redress for his injured honour: he accordingly challenged the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke of Buckingham, as a reparation for his honour, killed him upon the spot, and remained the peaceable possessor of this famous Helen. The public was at first shocked at the transaction; but the public grows familiar with every thing by habit, and by degrees both decency, and even virtue itself, are rendered tame and overcome. The queen was at the head of those who exclaimed against so public and scandalous a crime, and against the impunity of

such a wicked act. As the Duchess of Buckingham was a short fat body, like her majesty, who never had had any children, and whom her husband had abandoned for another, this sort of parallel in their situations interested the queen in her favour; but it was all in vain: no person paid any attention to them, and the licentiousness of the age went on uncontrolled, in spite of the queen's endeavours to excite the serious part of the nation, the politicians and devotees, against it.

The fate of this princess was in many respects truly melancholy: the king indeed paid her every outward attention; but that was all. She easily perceived that the respect he entertained for her, daily diminished, in proportion as the credit of her rivals increased: she saw that he was now totally indifferent about legitimate

children, since his all-charming mistresses bore him others. As all the happiness of her life depended upon that blessing, and as she flattered herself that the king would prove kinder to her if heaven would vouchsafe to grant her desires, she had recourse to all the celebrated secrets against sterility. Pious vows, nine days prayers, and offerings having been tried in all manners, but all to no purpose, she was at last obliged to return to natural means.

What would she not have given on this occasion for the ring which archbishop Turpin wore on his finger, and which made Charlemagne run after him, in the same manner as it had made him run after one of his concubines, from whose finger Turpin had taken it after her death! but it is now many years since the only talismans

for creating love are the charms of the person beloved, and foreign enchantments have been looked upon as ineffectual. The queen's physicians, men of great prudence, sagacity, and wisdom, as they always are, having duly weighed and considered that the cold waters of Tunbridge had not succeeded in the preceding year, concluded that it would be advisable for her to try the warm baths at Bristol. This journey was therefore fixed for the next season; and in the confidence of its proving effectual, this excursion would have afforded her infinite pleasure, if the most dangerous of her rivals had not been one of the first that was appointed to attend the court. The Duchess of Cleveland being then near her time, there was no uneasiness on her account: the common rules of decency required a little attention. The

public, it is true, was neither more or less acquainted with the circumstances of her situation, by the care which she now took to conceal it; but her appearing at court in her present condition would have been too great an insult to the queen. Miss Stewart, more handsome than ever, was appointed for this excursion, and began to make magnificent preparations: the poor queen durst say nothing against it, but all hopes of success immediately forsook her. What could the baths, or the feeble virtue of the waters, perform against charms that entirely counteracted their effects, either through the grief and uneasiness they occasioned her, or by their still more powerful consequences!

The Chevalier de Grammont, to whom all pleasures were insipid without the presence of Miss Hamilton,

was yet unable to excuse himself from attending the court. The king delighted too much in his sprightly conversation to leave him behind; and however pleasing his company might have been in the solitude occasioned by the absence of the court, Miss Hamilton did not think it right to accept his offer of staying in town, because she was obliged to remain there. She however gave him permission to write her an account of any news that might occur upon the journey: he failed not to make use of this permission, in such a manner as one may imagine; and his own concerns took up so much space in his letters, that there was very little room left for other subjects during his stay at the baths. As absence from the object of his affections rendered this place insupportable, he engaged in every thing

that might dissipate his impatience, until the happy moment of return arrived.

He had a great esteem for the elder of the Hamiltons; no less esteem, and far more friendship for his brother, whom he made the confidant of his passion and attachment for his sister. The Chevalier was also acquainted with his first engagements with his cousin Wetenhall; but being ignorant of the coldness that had interrupted a commerce so brisk in its commencement, he was surprised at the eagerness he shewed upon all occasions to please Miss Stewart. His assiduity appeared to the Chevalier de Grammont to exceed those civilities and attentions that are usually paid for the purpose of making court to the favourites of princes. He observed him more strictly, and soon perceived that he

was more deeply in love with her than was consistent either with his fortune or his repose. As soon as the remarks he made had confirmed him in these suspicions, he resolved to use his endeavours to prevent the consequences of an engagement pernicious in every respect; but he waited for a proper opportunity of speaking to him upon the subject.

In the mean time the court enjoyed every kind of diversion, in a place where amusement is sought with avidity. The game of bowls, which in France is the pastime of mechanics and servants only, is quite the contrary in England, where it is the exercise of gentlemen, and requires both art and address: it is only in use during the fair and dry part of the season, and the places where it is practised are charming delicious walks called Bowl-

ing-Greens, which are little square grass plots, where the turf is almost as smooth and level as the cloth of a billiard-table. As soon as the heat of the day is over, the company assemble there: they play deep, and spectators are at liberty to make what bets they please.

The Chevalier de Grammont, long before initiated in the English games and diversions, had been engaged in a horse-race, in which he was indeed unsuccessful; but he had the satisfaction of being convinced by experience, that an English horse can go twenty miles upon the high road in less than an hour. He was more fortunate at cock-fighting; and in the bets he made at the Bowling-Green, the party he betted upon never failed to win.

Near all these places of diversion there is usually a sort of inn, or house

of entertainment, with a bower or arbour, in which are sold all sorts of English liquors, such as cider, mead, bottled beer, and Spanish wines. Here the rooks meet every evening to drink, smoke, and to try their skill upon each other, or in other words, to endeavour to trick one another out of the winnings of the day. These rooks are properly speaking what we call *capons*, or *piqueurs* in France, men who always carry money about them, to enable them to lend to losing gamesters, for which they receive a gratification, which is nothing for such as play deep, being only two per cent. and the money to be repaid the next day.

These gentlemen are so nice in their calculations, and so particularly skilful in all manner of games, that no person would dare to enter the lists with them, were it even certain that

no unfair arts would be practised. Besides, they make a vow to win four or five guineas a day, and to be satisfied with that gain: a vow which they seldom or never break.

It was in the midst of a company of these rooks, that Hamilton found the Chevalier de Grammont, when he called in one evening to drink a glass of cider. They were playing at hazard; and as he who holds the dice is supposed to have the advantage, the rooks allowed the Chevalier de Grammont that honour, out of compliment: he had the dice in his hand when Hamilton came into the room. The rooks, secure of their odds, were betting against him at a high rate, and he took all.

Hamilton could hardly believe his eyes, to see a man of his experience and knowledge, engaged in so unequal

a contest; but it was to no purpose that he informed him of his danger, both aloud in French, and in private, by signs; he still disregarded his warnings, and the dice that bore Cæsar and his fortunes, performed a miracle in his favour. The rooks were defeated for the first time, but not without bestowing upon him all the encomiums and praises of being a very fair and honourable player, which they never fail to lavish upon those whom they wish to engage a second time; but all their commendations were lost, and their hopes deceived; the Chevalier was satisfied with the first experiment.

Hamilton, when the king was at supper, related to him how he had found the Chevalier de Grammont rashly engaged with the rooks, and in what manner he had been providen-

tially preserved: 'Indeed, Sire,' said the Chevalier de Grammont, 'the 'rooks were discomfited for once;' and thereupon told the king the adventure in his usual way, attracting the attention of all the company to a circumstance trifling in itself, but rendered interesting by his manner of relating it.

After supper, Miss Stewart, in whose apartment there was play, called Hamilton to her, to tell her the story. The Chevalier de Grammont, perceiving that she attended to him with pleasure, was fully confirmed in the truth of his first conjectures; and having carried Hamilton home with him to supper, they began to discourse freely together as usual. 'George,' said the Chevalier, 'are you in any 'want of money? I know you love 'play, perhaps it may not be so fa-

'vourable to you, as it is to me; we 'are at a great distance from London: 'here are two hundred guineas, take 'them, I beseech you; they will do 'to play with at Miss Stewart's.' Hamilton, who little expected this conclusion, was rather disconcerted. 'How! at Miss Stewart's!' 'Yes, in 'her apartments; friend George, I 'have not yet lost my eyes: you are 'in love with her, and if I am not 'mistaken she is not offended at it; 'but tell me how you could resolve to 'banish poor Wetenhall from your 'heart, and suffer yourself to be infa-'tuated with a girl, who perhaps, after 'all, is not worth the other, and who 'besides, whatever favourable dispo-'sitions she may have for you, will in 'the end undoubtedly prove your ruin. 'Faith, your brother and you are two 'pretty fellows, in your choice. What!

'can you find no other beauties in all 'the court to fall in love with, except 'the king's mistresses! As for your 'elder brother, I can pardon him: 'he only took Lady Castlemaine after 'his master had done with her, and 'after Lady Chesterfield had discarded 'him; but, as for you, what the devil 'do you intend to do with a creature, 'on whom the king seems every day 'to doat with increasing fondness? Is 'it because that drunken sot Richmond 'has again come forward, and now 'declares himself one of her professed 'admirers? You will soon see what he 'will make by it: I have not forgotten 'what the king said to me upon the 'subject. Believe me, my dear friend, 'there is no playing tricks with our 'masters; I mean, there is no ogling 'their mistresses. I myself wanted to 'play the agreeable in France, with a

'little coquet, whom the king did not 'care about, and you know how dearly 'I paid for it. I confess she gives you 'fair play, but do not trust to her. 'All the sex feel an unspeakable satis-'faction at having men in their train, 'whom they care not for, and to use 'them as their slaves of state, merely 'to swell their equipage. Would it 'not be a great deal better to pass a 'week or ten days incognito at Peck-'ham with the philosopher Wetenhall's 'wife, than to have it inserted in the 'Dutch Gazette: we hear from Bristol, 'that such a one is banished the court 'on account of Miss Stewart, and that 'he is going to make a campaign in 'Guinea on board the fleet that is fit-'ting out for the expedition, under the 'command of Prince Rupert.'

Hamilton, who was the more convinced of the truth of this discourse,

the more he considered it, after musing some time, appeared to wake from a dream, and addressing himself with an air of gratitude to the Chevalier de Grammont: 'Of all the men in the 'world, my dear friend, you have the 'most agreeable wit, and at the same 'time the clearest judgment with re-'spect to your friends. What you 'have told me has opened my eyes: I 'began to suffer myself to be seduced 'by the most ridiculous illusion ima-'ginable, and to be hurried away rather 'by frivolous appearances, than any 'real inclination: to you I owe the 'obligation of having preserved me 'from destruction on the very brink 'of a precipice. This is not the only 'kindness you have done me, your 'favours have been innumerable; and 'as a proof of my gratitude for this 'last, I will follow your advice, and

'go into retirement at my cousin We-
'tenhall's, to eradicate from my recol-
'lection every trace of those chimeras
'which lately possessed my brain; but
'so far from going thither incognito,
'I will take you along with me, as
'soon as the court returns to London.
'My sister shall likewise be of the
'party; for it is prudent to use all
'precautions with a man, who with a
'great deal of merit, on such occasions
'is not over scrupulous, if we may
'credit your philosopher.' 'Do not
'pay any attention to that pedant,' re-
plied the Chevalier, 'but, tell me what
'put it into your head to form a design
'upon that inanimate statue, Miss
'Stewart?' 'How the devil should I
'know!' said Hamilton: 'you are ac-
'quainted with all her childish amuse-
'ments. The old Lord Carlingford
'was at her apartment one evening,

'shewing her how to hold a lighted wax
'candle in her mouth, the difficulty in
'which consisted in keeping the burn-
'ing end there a long time without
'its being extinguished. I have, thank
'God, a pretty large mouth, and in
'order to outdo her teacher, I took
'two candles into my mouth at the
'same time, and walked three times
'round the room without their going
'out. Every person present adjudged
'me the prize of this illustrious expe-
'riment, and Killegrew maintained
'that nothing but a lantern could stand
'in competition with me. Upon this
'she was ready to die with laughing;
'and thus was I admitted into the fa-
'miliarity of her amusements. It is
'impossible to deny that she is one of
'the most charming creatures that ever
'was: since the court has been in the
'country, I have had a hundred op-

'portunities of seeing her, which I 'had not before. You know that the 'dishabille of the bath is a great con-'venience for those ladies, who, strictly 'adhering to all the rules of decorum, 'are yet desirous to display all their 'charms and attractions. Miss Stew-'art is so fully acquainted with the 'advantages she possesses over all 'other women, that it is hardly pos-'sible to praise any lady at court for a 'well-turned arm, and a fine leg, but 'she is immediately ready to dispute 'the point by demonstration; and I 'really believe, that with a little ad-'dress it would not be difficult to in-'duce her to strip herself naked with-'out ever reflecting upon what she 'was doing. After all, a man must 'be very insensible to remain uncon-'cerned and unmoved on such happy 'occasions; and besides, the good

'opinion we entertain of ourselves is 'apt to make us think a woman is 'smitten, as soon as she distinguishes 'us by habitual familiarity, which most 'commonly signifies nothing. This is 'the truth of the matter with respect 'to myself: my own presumption, her 'beauty, the brilliant station that sets it 'off, and a thousand kind things, which 'she had said to me, prevented me from 'making serious reflections; but then, 'as some excuse for my folly, I must 'likewise tell you, that the facility I 'found in making her the tenderest 'declarations, by flattering her, and 'her telling me in confidence a thou-'sand things which she ought not to 'have intrusted me with, might have 'deceived or infatuated any other man 'as well as myself.

'I presented her with one of the 'prettiest horses in England: you know

'what peculiar grace and elegance dis-
'tinguish her on horseback. The king,
'who, of all the diversions of the chase,
'likes none but hawking, because it is
'the most convenient for the ladies,
'went out the other day to take this
'amusement, attended by all the beau-
'ties of his court. His majesty having
'galloped after a falcon, and the whole
'bright squadron after him, the rust-
'ling of Miss Stewart's petticoats
'frightened her horse, which was at
'full speed, endeavouring to come up
'with mine, that had been his com-
'panion; so that I was the only wit-
'ness of a disorder in her clothes,
'which displayed a thousand new
'beauties to my view. I had the good
'fortune to make such gallant and
'flattering exclamations upon that
'charming disorder, as to prevent her
'being concerned or out of counte-

'nance upon it: on the contrary, this 'subject of my admiration has since 'been frequently the subject of our 'conversation, and did not seem to dis-'please her.

'Old Lord Carlingford, and that 'mad fellow Crofts, (for I must now 'make you my general confession), 'these insipid buffoons were frequently 'telling her some ridiculous stories, 'which passed pretty well, with the 'help of a few old threadbare jests, 'or some apish tricks in the recital, 'which made her laugh heartily. As 'for myself, who know no stories, and 'do not possess the talent of improv-'ing them in the relation, if I did 'know any, I was often greatly em-'barrassed when she desired me to tell 'her one. I do not know one, indeed, 'said I, one day, when she was teas-'ing me on the subject. Invent one,

'then, said she. That would be still 'more difficult, replied I; but if you 'will give me leave, Madam, I will 'relate to you a very extraordinary 'dream, which has, however, less ap-'pearance of truth in it, than dreams 'generally have. This excited her 'curiosity, which would brook no de-'nial: I, therefore, began to tell her, 'that the most beautiful creature in 'the world, whom I loved to distrac-'tion, paid me a visit in my sleep. I 'then drew her own portrait, with a 'rapturous description of all her beau-'ties, adding, that this goddess, who 'came to visit me with the most fa-'vourable intentions, did not counter-'act them by any unseasonable cruelty. 'This was not sufficient to satisfy Miss 'Stewart's curiosity: I was obliged to 'relate every particular circumstance 'of the kindness I experienced from

'this delicate phantom, to which she 'was so very attentive, that she never 'once appeared surprised or discon- 'certed at the luscious tale: on the 'contrary, she made me repeat the de- 'scription of the beauty, which I drew 'as near as possible after her own per- 'son, and after such charms as I ima- 'gined of beauties that were unknown 'to me.

'This is, in fact, the very thing 'that had almost deprived me of my 'senses: she knew very well that she 'herself was the person I was describ- 'ing: we were alone, as you may ima- 'gine, when I told her this story, and 'my eyes did their utmost to persuade 'her that it was herself whom I drew. 'I perceived that she was not in the 'least offended at knowing this, nor 'was her modesty in the least alarmed 'at the relation of a fiction, which I

'might have concluded in a manner 'still less discreet if I had thought 'proper. This patient audience made 'me plunge headlong into the ocean 'of flattering ideas that presented 'themselves to my imagination. I 'then no longer thought of the king, 'nor how passionately fond he was of 'her, nor of the dangers attendant 'upon such an engagement: in short, 'I know not what the devil I was 'thinking of; but I am very certain 'that, if you had not been thinking 'for me, I might have found my 'ruin in the midst of these distracted 'visions.'

Not long after the court returned to London, and from that time, some malevolent star having gained the ascendant, every thing went cross in the empire of Love: vexation, suspicions, or jealousies first entered the

field to set all hearts at variance; next, false reports, slander and disputes, completed the ruin of all.

The Duchess of Cleveland had been brought to bed, while the court was at Bristol; and never before had she recovered from her lying-in with such a profusion of charms. This made her believe that she was in a proper state to retrieve her ancient rights over the king's heart, if she had an opportunity of appearing before him with this increased splendour. Her friends being of the same opinion, her equipage was prepared for this expedition; but the very evening before the day she had fixed to set out, she saw young Churchill, and was at once seized with a disease, which had more than once opposed her projects, and which she could never completely get the better of.

A man who, from an ensign in the guards, was raised to such a fortune, must certainly possess an uncommon share of prudence, not to be intoxicated with his happiness. Churchill boasted in all places of his good fortune, and the duchess, who neither recommended to him circumspection in his behaviour, nor in his conversation, did not seem to be in the least concerned at his indiscretion. Thus this intrigue was become a general topic in all companies, and occasioned a great variety of speculations and reasonings when the court arrived in London: some said she had already presented him with Jermyn's pension, and Jacob Hall's salary, because the merits and qualifications of both were united in his person. Others maintained that he had too indolent an air, and too delicate a shape, long to maintain himself in her

Sheneker sculp.

NELL GWYN

From an Original Picture by S^r P^r Lely, in the Poſſeſsion of Sir Brook Boothby Bar^t

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favour; but all agreed, that a man who was the favourite of the king's mistress, and brother to the duke's favourite, was in a fair way of preferment, and could not fail to make his fortune. As a proof, the Duke of York soon after gave him a place in his household: this was naturally to be expected, but the king, who did not think that Lady Cleveland's kindness to him was a sufficient recommendation to his favour, thought proper to forbid him the court.

This good-natured king began now to be rather peevish, nor was it altogether without reason: he disturbed no person in their amours, and yet others had often the presumption to encroach upon his. Lord Dorset, first lord of the bedchamber, had lately debauched from his service Nell Gwyn, the actress; Lady Cleveland, whom

he now no longer regarded, continued to disgrace him by repeated infidelities with unworthy rivals, and almost ruined him by the immense sums she lavished on her gallants; but that which most sensibly affected him, was the late coldness and threats of Miss Stewart. He had long since offered her all the settlements and all the titles she could desire, until he had an opportunity more effectually to provide for her, which she had pretended only to decline, for fear of the scandal they might occasion, on her being raised to a rank, which would attract the public notice; but since the return of the court, she had given herself other airs. Sometimes she was for retiring from court, to appease the continual uneasiness her presence appeared to give the queen; at other times, it was to avoid temptations, by which she

Bocquet Sc.

Mrs. DAVIS.

From an Original Picture in Miniature in the Poſſeſſion of the Marquis of Buckingham.

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wished to insinuate that her innocence was still preserved; in short, the king's heart was continually distracted by alarms, or oppressed by her humour and caprice.

As he could not for his life imagine what Miss Stewart wished him to do, or what she would be at, he thought of reforming his establishment of mistresses, to try whether jealousy was not the real occasion of her uneasiness. It was for this reason that, after having solemnly declared he would have nothing more to say to the Duchess of Cleveland, since her intrigue with Churchill, he discarded, without any exception, all the other mistresses whom he kept in various parts of the town. The Nell Gwyns, the Miss Davis's, and the joyous train of singers and dancers in his majesty's theatre,

were all dismissed. All these sacrifices were ineffectual: Miss Stewart continued to torment, and almost to drive the king to distraction; but his majesty soon after found out the real cause of this coldness.

This discovery was owing to the officious Duchess of Cleveland, who ever since her disgrace had railed most bitterly against Miss Stewart as the cause of it, and against the king's weakness, who, for the sake of an inanimate idiot, had treated her with so much indignity. As some of her grace's creatures were still in the king's confidence, by their means she was informed of the king's uneasiness, and that Miss Stewart's behaviour was the occasion of it; and as soon as she had found the opportunity she had so long wished for, she went directly into the

king's cabinet, through the apartment of one of his pages called Chiffinch: this way was not new to her.

The king was just returned from visiting Miss Stewart, in a very ill humour: the presence of the Duchess of Cleveland surprised him, and did not in the least diminish it. She perceived this, and accosting him in an ironical tone, and with a smile of indignation: 'I hope,' said she, 'I may 'be allowed to pay you my homage, 'although the angelic Stewart has for- 'bid you to see me at my own house: 'I will not make use of reproaches 'and expostulations, which would dis- 'grace myself. Still less will I en- 'deavour to excuse frailties which no- 'thing can justify, since your con- 'stancy for me deprives me of all de- 'fence, considering I am the only per- 'son you have honoured with your

'tenderness, who has made herself 'unworthy of it by ill conduct. I 'come now, therefore, with no other 'intent than to comfort and to condole 'with you upon the affliction and grief 'into which the coldness, or new-'fashioned chastity of the inhuman 'Stewart has brought your majesty.' These words were followed by a fit of laughter as unnatural and strained, as it was insulting and immoderate, which completed the king's impatience. He had, indeed, expected that some bitter jest would follow this preamble, but he did not suppose she would have given herself such blustering airs, considering the terms they were then upon; and, as he was preparing to 'answer her: 'Be not offended,' continued she, 'that I take the liberty of 'laughing at the gross manner in which 'you are imposed upon: I cannot bear

'to see that such particular affectation
'should make you the jest of your own
'court, and that you should be ridi-
'culed with such impunity. I know
'that the affected Stewart has sent you
'away, under pretence of some indis-
'position, or perhaps some scruple of
'conscience; and I come to acquaint
'you that the Duke of Richmond will
'soon be with her, if he is not there
'already. I do not desire you to be-
'lieve what I say, since it might be
'supposed to proceed from resentment
'or envy. Only follow me to her
'apartment, either, that no longer
'trusting calumny and malice, you
'may honour her with a just pre-
'ference, if I accuse her falsely; or if
'my information be true, you may no
'longer be the dupe of a pretended
'prude, who makes you act so unbe-
'coming and ridiculous a part.'

As she ended this speech, she took him by the hand, while he was yet undecided, and pulled him away towards her rival's apartments. Chiffinch being in her interest, Miss Stewart could have no warning of the visit; and Babiani, who owed his all to the Duchess of Cleveland, and who served her admirably well upon this occasion, came and told her that the Duke of Richmond had just gone into Miss Stewart's chamber. It was in the middle of a little gallery, which, through a private door, led from the king's apartments to those of his mistresses: the Duchess of Cleveland wished him good night, as he entered her rival's chamber, and retired, in order to wait the issue of the adventure, of which Babiani, who attended the king, was charged to come and give her an account.

It was near midnight. The king in his way was met by his mistress's chambermaid, who respectfully opposed his entrance, and in a very low voice whispered his majesty that Miss Stewart had been very ill since he left her; but that being gone to bed, she was, God be thanked, in a very fine sleep. 'That I must see,' said the king, pushing her back, who had posted herself in his way. He found Miss Stewart in bed, indeed, but far from being asleep: the duke of Richmond was seated at her pillow, and in all probability was less inclined to sleep than herself. The confusion of the one party, and the rage of the other, were such as may easily be imagined upon such an occasion. The king, who, of all men, was one of the most mild and gentle, expressed his resentment to the Duke of Richmond

in such terms as he had never before made use of. The duke was speechless, and almost petrified: he saw his master and his king justly irritated. The first transports which rage inspires on such occasions are dangerous; Miss Stewart's window was very convenient for a sudden revenge, the Thames flowing close beneath it: he cast his eyes upon it, and seeing those of the king more inflamed with indignation, than he thought his nature capable of, he made a profound bow, and retired, without replying a single word to the torrent of reproaches and menaces that was poured upon him.

Miss Stewart, having a little recovered from her first surprise, instead of justifying herself, began to talk in the most extravagant manner, and said every thing that was most capable to inflame the king's passion and resent-

W.N. Gardiner fc

MISS STEWART. DUCHESS of RICHMOND.

From an Original Picture by S^r P^r Lely, in the Collection of

Lord Westcote at Hagley Park.

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ment; that if she were not allowed to receive visits from a man of the Duke of Richmond's rank, who came with honourable intentions, she was a slave in a free country; that she knew of no engagement that could prevent her from disposing of her hand as she thought proper; but however, if this was not permitted her in his dominions, she did not believe that there was any power on earth that could hinder her from going over to France, and throwing herself into a convent, to enjoy there that tranquillity which was denied her in his court. The king, by turns furious with rage, relenting at her tears, or terrified at her menaces, was so greatly agitated, that he knew not how to answer, either the nicety of a creature who wanted to act the part of Lucretia under his own eye, or the assurance with which she had the

effrontery to reproach him. In this suspense love had almost entirely vanquished all his resentments, and had nearly induced him to throw himself upon his knees, and intreat pardon for the injury he had done her, when she desired him to retire, and leave her in repose, at least for the remainder of that night, without offending those who had either accompanied him, or conducted him to her apartments, by a longer visit. This impertinent request provoked and irritated him to the highest degree: he went out abruptly, vowing never to see her more, and passed the most restless and uneasy night he had ever experienced since his restoration.

The next day the Duke of Richmond received orders to quit the court, and never more to appear before the king; but it seems he had not waited

for those orders, having set out early that morning for his country-seat.

Miss Stewart, in order to obviate all injurious constructions that might be put upon the adventure of the preceding night, went and threw herself at the queen's feet; where acting the new part of an innocent Magdalen, she intreated her majesty's forgiveness for all the sorrow and uneasiness she might have already occasioned her: she told her majesty that a constant and sincere repentance had induced her to contrive all possible means for retiring from court; that this had inclined her to receive the Duke of Richmond's addresses, who had courted her a long time; but since this courtship had caused his disgrace, and had likewise raised a vast noise and disturbance, which perhaps might be turned to the prejudice of her reputation, she con-

jured her majesty to take her under her protection, and endeavour to obtain the king's permission for her to retire into a convent, to remove at once all those vexations and troubles her presence had innocently occasioned at court: all this was accompanied with a proper deluge of tears.

It is a very agreeable spectacle to a woman to see a rival prostrate at her feet, entreating pardon, and at the same time justifying her conduct. The queen's heart not only relented, but she mingled her own tears with those of Miss Stewart: after having raised her up, and most tenderly embraced her, she promised her all manner of favour and protection, either in her marriage, or in any other course she thought fit to pursue, and parted from her with the firm resolution to exert all her interest in her behalf; but being

a person of great judgment, the reflections which she afterwards made, induced her to change her opinion.

She knew that the king's disposition was not capable of an obstinate constancy: she therefore judged that absence would cure him, or that a new engagement would by degrees entirely efface the remembrance of Miss Stewart; and that since she could not avoid having a rival, it was more desirable she should be one who had given such eminent proofs of her prudence and virtue: besides, she flattered herself that the king would ever think himself eternally obliged to her, for having opposed the retreat and marriage of a girl whom at that time he loved to distraction. This fine reasoning determined her conduct. All her industry was employed in persuading Miss Stewart to abandon her schemes;

but the most extraordinary part of this adventure is, that after having prevailed upon her to think no more either of the Duke of Richmond, or of a nunnery, she charged herself with the office of reconciling her to the king.

Indeed it would have been a thousand pities if her negociation had miscarried: but she did not suffer this misfortune; for never were the king's addresses so eager and passionate as after this peace, nor ever better received by the fair Stewart.

His majesty did not long enjoy the sweets of a reconciliation which brought him into the best good humour possible, as we shall see. All Europe was in a profound peace since the treaty of the Pyrenees: Spain flattered herself she should be able to recruit, by means of the new alliance she had

contracted with the most formidable of her neighbours, but despaired of being able to support the shattered remains of a declining monarchy, when she considered the age and infirmities of her prince, or the weakness of his successor. France, on the contrary, governed by a king indefatigable in business, young, vigilant, and ambitious of glory, wanted nothing but inclination to aggrandize herself.

It was about this time, that the king of France, not willing to disturb the tranquillity of Europe, was persuaded to alarm the coasts of Africa, by an attempt, which if it had even been crowned with success would have produced little good; but the king's fortune, ever faithful to his glory, has since made it appear, by the miscarriage of the expedition of Gigeri, that such projects only as were plan-

ned by himself were worthy of his attention.

A short time after, the king of England, having resolved also to explore the African coasts, fitted out a squadron for an expedition to Guinea, which was to be commanded by Prince Rupert. Those who, from their own experience, had some knowledge of the country, related strange and wonderful stories of the dangers attendant upon this expedition: that they would have to fight not only the inhabitants of Guinea, a hellish people, whose arrows were poisoned, and who never gave their prisoners better quarter than to devour them, but that they must likewise endure heats that were insupportable, and rains that were intolerable, every drop of which was changed into a serpent: that if they penetrated farther into the country, they would

be assaulted by monsters a thousand times more hideous and destructive than all the beasts mentioned in the Apocalypse.

But all these reports were vain and ineffectual: for, so far from striking terror into those who were appointed to go upon this expedition, it rather acted as an incentive to glory upon those who had no manner of business in it. Jermyn appeared among the foremost of those; and without reflecting that the pretence of his indisposition had delayed the conclusion of his marriage with Miss Jennings, he asked the duke's permission, and the king's consent, to serve in it as a volunteer.

Some time before this, however, the infatuation which had imposed upon the fair Jennings in his favour, had begun to subside. Nothing now

inclined her to this match but the advantages of a settlement. The careless indolence of a lover, who faintly paid his addresses to her, as it were from custom or habit, disgusted her; and the resolution he had taken without consulting her, appeared so ridiculous in him, and so injurious to herself, that from that moment she resolved to think no more of him. Her eyes being opened by degrees, she saw the fallacy of the splendour which at first deceived her; and the renowned Jermyn was received according to his real merit when he came to acquaint her with his heroical project. There appeared so much indifference and ease in the raillery with which she complimented him upon his voyage, that he was entirely disconcerted, and so much the more so as he had prepared all the arguments he thought capable of con-

soling her, upon announcing to her the fatal news of his departure. She told him, that nothing could be more glorious for him, who had triumphed over the liberty of so many persons in Europe, than to go and extend his conquests in other parts of the world; and that she advised him to bring home with him all the female captives she might make in Africa, in order to replace those beauties whom his absence would bring to the grave.

Jermyn was highly displeased that she should be capable of raillery in the condition he supposed her reduced to; but he soon perceived she was in earnest: she told him that she considered this farewell visit as his last, and desired him not to think of making her any more before his departure.

Thus far every thing went well on her side: Jermyn was not only con-

founded at having received his discharge in so cavalier a manner; but this very demonstration of her indifference had revived, and even redoubled, all the love and affection he had formerly felt for her. Thus she had both the pleasure of despising him, and of seeing him more entangled in the chains of love than he had ever been before. This was not sufficient: she wished still farther, and very unadvisedly, to strain her resentment.

Ovid's epistles, translated into English verse by the greatest wits at court, having lately been published, she wrote a letter from a shepherdess in despair, addressed to the perfidious Jermyn; she took the epistle of Ariadne to Theseus for her model. The beginning of this letter contained, word for word, the complaints and reproaches of that injured fair to the cruel man by whom

she had been abandoned. All this was properly adapted to the present times and circumstances. It was her design to have closed this piece with a description of the toils, perils, and monsters, that awaited him in Guinea, for which he quitted a tender mistress, who was plunged into the abyss of misery, and was overwhelmed with grief and despair; but not having had time to finish it, nor to get that which she had written, transcribed, in order to send it to him under a feigned name, she inconsiderately put this fragment, written in her own hand, into her pocket, and still more giddily dropped it in the middle of the court. Those who took it up, knowing her writing, made several copies of it, which were circulated all over the town; but her former conduct had so well established the reputation of her virtue, that no

person entertained the smallest doubt but the circumstances were exactly as we have related them. Some time after, the Guinea expedition was laid aside, for reasons that are universally known, and Miss Jennings's subsequent proceedings fully justified the idea that was entertained of her letter; for, notwithstanding all the efforts and attentions Jermyn practised to regain her affections, she would never more hear of him.

But he was not the only man who experienced the whimsical fatality, that seemed to delight in disuniting hearts, in order to engage them soon after to different objects. One would have imagined, that the God of Love, actuated by some new caprice, had placed his empire under the dominion of Hymen, and had, at the same time, blind-folded that god, in order to cross-

match most of the lovers whom we have been speaking of.

The fair Stewart married the duke of Richmond; the invincible Jermyn, a silly country-girl; lord Rochester, a melancholy heiress; the sprightly Temple, the serious Littleton. Talbot, without knowing why or wherefore, took to wife the languishing Boynton; George Hamilton, under more favourable auspices, married the lovely Jennings; and the Chevalier de Grammont, as the reward of a constancy he had never before known, and which he never afterwards practised, found Hymen and Love united in his favour, and was at last blessed with the possession of Miss Hamilton.

NOTES

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

THIRD VOLUME.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

P. 12. *The Earl of Oxford fell in love with a handsome, graceful actress, belonging to the duke's theatre.*] This was Aubrey de Vere, the last Earl of Oxford of that name, and the 20th and last Earl of that family. He was chief justice in Eyre; and in the reign of Charles II. lord of the bed chamber, privy counsellor, colonel of the royal regiment of horse guards, and lord lieutenant of the county of Essex; and lieutenant-general of the forces in the reign of William III. and also knight of the garter. He died March 12, 1702, aged 80 years, and upwards, and was buried in Westminster abbey. The author of a History of the English Stage, published by Curl, 1741, 8vo, says, that Mrs. Marshall, a celebrated actress, more known by the name of Roxana, from acting that part, was the person deceived by the Earl of

Oxford in this manner. The particulars of the story, as there related, do not materially vary from the present account of the transaction. A more detailed narrative of this seduction is given in Madam Dunois' Memoirs of the Court of England, pt. 2. p. 71. Mrs. Marshall, who was the original Roxana in Lee's Rival Queens, belonged not to the duke's, but the king's theatre. Lord Orford, I know not on what authority, has given the name of Miss Barker to this lady; a name totally unknown, I believe, in the annals of the stage.

P. 49. —*the public was obliged to him for the prettiest, but at the same time the worst, actress in the kingdom.*] Though no name is given to this lady, there are circumstances enough mentioned to fix on the celebrated Mrs. Barry, as the person intended by the author. Mrs. Barry was introduced to the stage by Lord Rochester, with whom she had an intrigue, the fruit of which was a daughter, who lived to the age of thirteen years, and is often mentioned in his collection of love-letters, printed in his works, which were

written to Mrs. Barry. On her first theatrical attempts, so little hopes were entertained of her, that she was, as Cibber declares, discharged the company at the end of the first year, among others that were thought to be a useless expence to it. She was well born; being daughter of Robert Barry, Esq. barrister at law, a gentleman of an ancient family, and good estate, who hurt his fortune by his attachment to Charles I., for whom he raised a regiment at his own expence. Tony Aston, in his 'Supplement to Cibber's Apology,' says, she was woman to Lady Shelton of Norfolk, who might have belonged to the court. Curl, however, says, she was early taken under the patronage of Lady Davenant.—Both these accounts may be true: the time of her appearance on the stage, was probably not much earlier than 1676; in which year she performed in Tom Essence; and was, it may be conjectured, about the age of nineteen. Curl mentions the great pains taken by Lord Rochester in instructing her; which were repaid by the rapid progress she daily made in her profes-

sion. She at last eclipsed all her competitors; and in the part of Monimia established her reputation. From her performance in this character, in that of Belvidera, and of Isabella, in the Fatal Marriage, Downes says she acquired the name of the famous Mrs. Barry, both at court and in the city. 'Mrs. Barry,' says Dryden, in his Preface to Cleomenes, 'always excellent, has in this tragedy excelled herself, and gained a reputation beyond any woman I have ever seen on the theatre.' 'In characters of greatness,' says Cibber, 'Mrs. Barry had a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and motion superb, and gracefully majestic; her voice full, clear, and strong; so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness. In the art of exciting pity, she had a power beyond all the actresses I have yet seen; or what your imagination can conceive. In scenes of anger, defiance, or resentment, while she was impetuous and terrible, she poured out the sentiment with an enchanting

harmony; and it was this particular excellence for which Dryden made her the above recited compliment, upon her acting Cassandra in his Cleomenes. She was the first person whose merit was distinguished by the indulgence of having an annual benefit play, which was granted to her alone in King James's time; and which did not become common to others, till the division of this company, after the death of King William and Queen Mary,' *Cibber's Apology*, 1750. p. 133. Tony Aston says, 'she was not handsome; her mouth opening most on the right side, which she strove to draw the other way; and at times composing her face, as if sitting for her picture: she was,' he adds, 'middle sized; had darkish hair, light eyes, and was indifferently plump. In tragedy, she was solemn and august; in comedy, alert, easy, and genteel; pleasant in her face and action, filling the stage with variety of gesture. She could neither sing nor dance; no, not in a country dance.' *Supplement to Cibber*, p. 7. The printed letters in Otway's works, are generally supposed to have been addressed to

her. She adhered to Betterton in all the revolutions of the theatre, which she quitted about 1708, on account of her health. The last new character, of any consequence, which she performed, seems to have been Phædra, in Mr. Smith's tragedy. She returned however, for one night, with Mrs. Bracegirdle, April 7, 1709; and performed Mrs. Frail, in Love for Love, for Mr. Betterton's benefit; and afterwards spoke an occasional epilogue, written by Mr. Rowe. She died 7th November, 1713, and was buried at Acton. The inscription over her remains says she was fifty-five years of age.

P. 49. *Miss Boynton.*] Daughter of Matthew Boynton, second son of Sir Matthew Boynton of Barmston, in Yorkshire. The sister of this lady married the celebrated Earl of Roscommon.

P. 59.—*pitiful strolling actress.*] Probably Nell Gwyn, of whom see note on p. 201.

P. 61.—*immediately give her the title of duchess.*] The title of Duchess of Cleveland was however not conferred on her till the

3d August, 22 Charles II, 1670, nearly a year after the Count left England.

P. 69.—*the recent arrival of a famous German doctor.*] Bishop Burnet confirms this account:—'Being under an unlucky accident, which obliged him to keep out of the way, he disguised himself so, that his nearest friends could not have known him; and set up in Tower street for an Italian mountebank, where he practised physick for some weeks, not without success. In his latter years, he read books of history more. He took pleasure to disguise himself as a porter, or as a beggar; sometimes to follow some mean amours, which, for the variety of them, he affected. At other times, merely for diversion, he would go about in odd shapes; in which he acted his part so naturally, that even those who were in the secret, and saw him in these shapes, could perceive nothing by which he might be discovered.' *Burnet's Life of Rochester,* Ed. 1774. p. 14.

P. 74.—*the best disguise they could think of, was to dress themselves like orange girls.*] These frolicks appear to have been not unfre-

quent with persons of high rank at this period. In a letter from Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, afterwards Earl of Yarmouth, dated October 13, 1670, we have the following account: 'Last week, there being a faire neare Audley-end, the Queen, the Duchess of Richmond, and the Duchess of Buckingham, had a frolick to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, wastcotes, &c. and so goe see the faire. Sir Bernard Gascoign, on a cart jade, rode before the Queen; another stranger before the Duchesse of Buckingham; and Mr. Roper before Richmond. They had all so overdone it in their disguise, and looked so much more like antiques than country volk, that, as soon as they came to the faire, the people began to goe after them; but the Queen going to a booth to buy a pair of yellow stockins for her sweet hart; and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves sticht with blew, for his sweet hart, they were soon, by their gebrish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock about them; one amongst them had seen the queen at dinner, knew her, and

was proud of her knowledge. This soon brought all the faire into a crowd to stare at the queen: being thus discovered, they as soon as they could, got to their horses; but as many of the faire as had horses, got up with their wives, children, sweet harts, or neighbours behind them, to get as much gape as they could, till they brought them to the court gate. Thus, by ill conduct, was a merry frolick turned into a pennance.' *Ives's Select Papers*, p. 39.

Bishop Burnet says, 'at this time (1668) the court fell into much extravagance in masquerading; both the king and queen, and all the court, went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there, with a great deal of wild frolick. In all this people were so disguised, that without being in the secret none could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs. Once the queen's chairmen, not knowing who she was, went from her. So she was alone, and was much disturbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney coach. Some say in a cart.' *Burnet's History*, Vol. I. p. 368.

P. 79. *Brounker.*] Gentleman of the chamber to the Duke of York, and brother to Lord Viscount Brounker, president of the royal society. Lord Clarendon imputes to him the cause of the great sea fight in 1665 not being so well improved as it might have been, and adds, 'nor did the duke come to hear of it till some years after, when Mr. Brounker's ill course of life, and his abominable nature had rendered him so odious, that it was taken notice of in parliament, and upon examination found to be true, as is here related; upon which he was expelled the house of commons, whereof he was a member, as an infamous person, though his friend Coventry adhered to him, and used many indirect acts to have protected him, and afterwards procured him to have more countenance from the king, than most men thought he deserved, being a person throughout his whole life never notorious for any thing but the highest degree of impudence, and stooping to the most infamous offices, and playing very well at chess, which preferred him more than the most virtuous qua-

lities could have done.' *Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 270.

P. 80. *He had a little country house, four or five miles from London, always well stocked with girls.*]

Brounker, Love's squire, through all the field array'd,
No troop was better clad, nor so well paid.
Andrew Marvell's Poems, Vol. II. p. 95.

P. 87. *Mrs. Wetenhall.*] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Bedingfield, and wife of Thomas Wetenhall, of Hextall Court, near East Peckham, in the county of Kent. See *Collins's Baronetage*, p. 216. The family of Whetenhall, or Whetnall, was possessed of the estate of Hextall Court from the time of Henry VIII. until within a few years past, when one of them, Henry Whetenhall, Esq. alienated it to John Fane, Earl of Westmoreland. Of this family was Edward Whetenhall, a celebrated polemical writer, who in 1678 was consecrated bishop of Corke and Ross. See *Wood's Athenæ Oxoniensis*, Vol. II. p. 851. 998.

P. 90. *Peckham.*] 'Peckham is about ten miles off Tunbridge Wells. Sir William Twisden has an ancient mansion here, which has been long in that family.' *Burr's History of Tunbridge Wells,* 8vo. 1766. p. 237. Mr. Hasted says, the estate was purchased by Sir William Twisden of Henry Whetenhall, Esq. *Hasted's Kent,* Vol. II. p. 274.

P. 96. *This is the Hamilton who has since served in the French army with distinction.*] This is George Hamilton, the brother of James Hamilton already mentioned. He was afterwards knighted, made a Count in France, and Mareschal du Camp in that service. In a letter from Lord Arlington to Lord Sandwich, written about October, 1667, we find the cause of Sir George Hamilton's entering into the French service, 'concerning the reformadoes of the guards of horse, his majesty thought fit the other day to have them dismist, according to his promise made to the parliament at the last session. Mr. Hamilton had a secret overture made him, that he with those men should be welcome into the French service; his majesty at their

dismission having declared, they should have leave to go abroad whither they pleased; they accepted of Mr. Hamilton's offer, to carry them into France. (*Arlington's Letters*, Vol. I. p. 185.) In a letter from the same nobleman to Sir William Godolphin, dated September 7, 1671, it is said 'the Conde de Molina complains to us of certain levies Sir George Hamilton hath made in Ireland. The king hath always told him he had no express licence for it; and I have told the Conde he must not find it strange, that a gentleman who had been bred the king's page abroad, and losing his employment at home, for being a Roman catholic, should have some more than ordinary connivance towards the making his fortune abroad by the countenance of his friends and relations in Ireland; and yet take the matter in the worst sense he could give, it would not amount to the breach of any article betwixt the king my master, and the court of Spain. (*Arlington's Letters*, Vol. II. p. 332.) Lodge in his Peerage of Ireland says, Sir George Hamilton died in 1667, which from the last extract

above, appears to be erroneous. He has evidently confounded the father and son, the former of whom was the person who died in 1667.

P. 99. *The court set out soon after.*] This was in 1664, probably as soon as the queen was sufficiently recovered from the illness mentioned in note on p. 55. Vol. II. See *Burr's History of Tunbridge Wells*, p. 43.

P. 101. *Lord Muskerry.*] Eldest son to the Earl of Clancarty: 'a young man,' says Lord Clarendon, 'of extraordinary courage and expectation, who had been colonel of a regiment of foot in Flanders, under the duke, and had the general estimation of an excellent officer. He was of the duke's bedchamber, and the Earl (*i. e.* of Falmouth), and he were at that time so near the duke, that his highness was all covered with their blood. There fell likewise in the same ship, and at the same instant, Mr. Richard Boyle, a younger son of the Earl of Burlington, a youth of great hope. *Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 266.

Ibid. *Summer hill*] Lord Orford sup-

poses this place came to Lord Muskerry through the means of his elder brother, but in this he is mistaken, as it belonged to him in right of his wife, the only daughter of Lord Clanrickard. This seat is about five miles from the Wells, and was once the residence and property of Sir Francis Walsingham, from whom it descended to his daughter Frances, who married first Sir Philip Sydney; secondly, the unfortunate Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; and lastly Richard de Burgh, Marquis of Clanrickard. In Walker's History of Independence, we are told, that 'Somer hill, a pleasant seat, worth one thousand pounds a year, belonging to the Earl of St. Albans (who was also Marquis of Clanrickard) is given by the junto to the blood-hound Bradshaw: so he hath warned the Countesse of Leicester, who formerly had it in possession to raise a debt of three thousand pounds, pretended due to her from the said earle, (which she hath already raised four-fold) to quit the possession against our Lord's day next.' At the Restoration it seems to have returned to its original owner. It is

now the residence of William Woodgate, Esq. A writer, supposed to be the Rev. Mr. Richard Oneley, thus describes it in 1771. 'The house being too large for the family of the present possessor, some of the state rooms are not made use of, or furnished; but in them are still remaining superb chimney-pieces, fine carved wainscot, and other monuments of their former grandeur and magnificence. In the dining room above stairs, are figures, flowers, and other ornaments in stucco; particularly a representation in relievo, over the chimney-piece, of the angelic host (as it is thought) rejoicing in the creation of the world; a design seemingly taken from Job, chap. xxxviii. v. 7. The house is inclosed with four courts, E. W. N. S. The front court, through which is the grand approach to the house, looks towards the west; from whence you have a fine prospect to the Surry hills before you, and Seven-oak hills on the right. The prospect is limited by Baron Smythe's Park on the left, the navigable river Medway, and the rich meadows, through which it runs, finely diversified with corn-fields, pasturage, hop-gardens, and

orchards, are here in full view, and form a most beautiful scene. From the opposite court, on the west side of the house, are seen the Canterbury hills, near Dover, at the distance of about fifty miles; but this view, and the several objects it comprises, is best enjoyed from a rising hill, on which grow two large oaks, at a little distance southward from the house. From this stand, a stranger may behold at leisure a valley equal to Tempe, Andalusia, or Tinian.' *General Account of Tunbridge Wells and its Environs:* printed for G. Pearch, 8vo. p. 37. Mr. Hasted says, 'that Lady Muskerry having, by her expensive way of life, wasted her estate, she by piecemeals sold off a great part of the demesne lands, lying mostly on the southern side of South-frith, to different persons: and dying in great distress, was buried accordingly, about the year 1698.' *History of Kent,* Vol. II. p. 341.

P. 103. *Prince Rupert.*] Lord Orford's contrast to this character of Prince Rupert, is too just to be here omitted. 'Born with the taste of an uncle, whom his sword was

not fortunate in defending, Prince Rupert was fond of those sciences which soften and adorn a hero's private hours; and knew how to mix them with his minutes of amusement, without dedicating his life to their pursuit, like us who, wanting capacity for momentous views, make serious study of what is only the transitory occupation of a genius. Had the court of the first Charles been peaceful, how agreeably had the prince's congenial propensity flattered and confirmed the inclination of his uncle! How the muse of arts would have repaid the patronage of the monarch, when, for his first artist, she would have presented him with his nephew! How different a figure did the same prince make in a reign of dissimilar complexion! The philosophic warrior, who could relax himself into the ornament of a refined court, was thought a savage mechanic, when courtiers were only voluptuous wits. Let me transcribe a picture of Prince Rupert, drawn by a man who was far from having the least portion of wit in that age, who was superior to its indelicacy, and who yet was so overborne

by its prejudices, that he had the complaisance to ridicule virtue, merit, talents.—But Prince Rupert, alas, was an awkward lover!' Lord Orford here inserts the character in the text, and then adds, 'What pity that we, who wish to transmit this prince's resemblance to posterity on a fairer canvass, have none of these inimitable colours to efface the harsher likeness: we can but oppose facts to wit; truth to satire:—How unequal the pencils! yet what these lines cannot do, they may suggest: they may induce the reader to reflect, that if the prince was defective in the transient varnish of a court, he at least was adorned by the arts with that polish, which alone can make a court attract the attention of subsequent ages.' *Catalogue of Engravers*, p. 135. 8vo. ed.

P. 104. *Hughes.*] Mrs. Hughes was one of the actresses belonging to the king's company, and one of the earliest female performers. According to Downes, she commenced her theatrical career after the opening of Drury-lane theatre, in 1663. She appears to have been the first female representative

of Desdemona. By Prince Rupert she had a daughter, named Ruperta, married to lieutenant-general Howe, who survived her husband many years, dying at Somerset house, about the year 1740. For Mrs. Hughes, Prince Rupert bought the magnificent seat of Sir Nicholas Crispe, near Hammersmith, now the residence of the Margrave of Brandenburgh, which cost 25,000 *l.* the building. From the dramatis personæ to Tom Essence, licensed 1676, we find Mrs. Hughes was then on the stage, and in the duke's company.

P. 112.——*the Duke of York took a journey the other side of London.*] In Sir John Reresby's Memoirs, 8vo, 1735, p. 11. sub anno 1665, it is said, Aug. 5, 'His Royal Highness the Duke and his Duchess came down to York, where it was observed that Mr. Sydney, the handsomest youth of his time, and of the duke's bed-chamber, was greatly in love with the duchess; and indeed he might well be excused, for the duchess, daughter to Chancellor Hide, was a very handsome personage, and a woman of fine wit. The duchess, on her part, seemed kind

to him, but very innocently; but he had the misfortune to be banished the court afterwards, for another reason, as was reported.' Burnet mentions this transaction; and insinuates, that to this cause is to be ascribed the duchess's conversion to popery. See *Burnet's History of his own Times,* Vol. I. p. 318.

P. 116. *Churchill.*] Miss Arabella Churchill, daughter of Sir Winston Churchill of Wotton Basset, in the county of Wilts, and sister to the celebrated John, Duke of Marlborough. She was born 1648. By the Duke of York she was mother of 1. James, Duke of Berwick; 2. Henry Fitz-James, commonly called the Grand Prior, born 1673, who was after the Revolution created by his father Duke of Albemarle, and died 1702; 3. Henrietta, born 1670, married to Lord Waldegrave, and died 1730. Miss Churchill afterwards became the wife of Charles Godfrey, Esq. clerk comptroller of the green cloth, and master of the jewel office, by whom she had two daughters; one, Charlotte, married to Lord Falmouth; and the other,

Elizabeth, to Edmund Dunch, Esq. Mrs. Godfrey died in May, 1730, at the age of 82.

P. 131. *Montagu's elder brother having very apropos got himself killed where he had no business.*] Montagu's elder brother was killed before Bergen, about August 1665. See *Arlington's Letters,* Vol. II. p. 87. His name was Edward. Boyer, who in his Life of Queen Anne has made several mistakes about him, says he was dismissed for offending her majesty, by squeezing her hand: probably he was disgraced for a time, and on that account went abroad. See *Continuation of Clarendon,* p. 292.

P. 157. *Madame.*] Henrietta, youngest daughter of Charles the First, born at Exeter 16th June, 1644, from whence she was removed to London in 1646; and with her governess, Lady Dalkeith, soon afterwards conveyed to France. On the Restoration, she came over to England with her mother; but returned to France in about six months, and was married to Philip, Duke of Orleans, only brother of Lewis XIV. In May, 1670,

she came again to Dover, on a mission of a political nature, it is supposed, from the French king to her brother, in which she was successful. She died, soon after her return to France, suddenly, not without suspicion of having been poisoned by her husband. King James, in his Diary, says, 'On the 22d of June, the news of the Duchess of Orleans' death arrived. It was suspected that counter poisons were given her; but when she was opened, in the presence of the English ambassador, the Earl of Ailesbury, an English physician, and surgeon, there appeared no grounds of suspicion of any foul play. Yet Bucks talked openly that she was poisoned; and was so violent as to propose to foreign ministers to make war on France.' *Macpherson's original Papers*, Vol. I. At the end of *Lord Arlington's Letters* are five very remarkable ones from a person of quality, who is said to have been actually on the spot, giving a particular relation of her death.

P. 161. *The Duke of Monmouth.*] James Duke of Monmouth was the son of Charles II. by one Lucy Walters. He was born

at Rotterdam April 9th, 1649, and bore the name of James Crofts until the Restoration. His education was chiefly at Paris, under the eye of the queen-mother, and the government of Thomas Ross, Esq. who was afterwards secretary to Mr. Coventry during his embassy in Sweden. At the Restoration, he was brought to England, and received with joy by his father, who heaped honours and riches upon him, which were not sufficient to satisfy his ambitious views. To exclude his uncle the Duke of York from the throne, he was continually intriguing with the opposers of government, and was frequently in disgrace with his sovereign. On the accession of James II. he made an ineffectual attempt to raise a rebellion, was taken prisoner, and beheaded on Tower-hill 15th July, 1685. Mr. Macpherson has drawn his character in the following terms: 'Monmouth, highly beloved by the populace, was a fit instrument to carry forward his (*i. e.* Shaftesbury's) designs. To a gracefulness which prejudiced mankind in his favour as soon as seen, he joined an affability which

gained their love. Constant in his friendships, and just to his word, by nature tender, and an utter enemy to severity and cruelty; active and vigorous in his constitution, he excelled in the manly exercises of the field. He was personally brave. He loved the pomp and the very dangers of war.—But with these splendid qualities, he was vain to a degree of folly, versatile in his measures, weak in his understanding. He was ambitious without dignity, busy without consequence; attempting ever to be artful, but always a fool. Thus, taking the applause of the multitude for a certain mark of merit, he was the dupe of his own vanity, and owed all his misfortunes to that weakness.' *History of England,* Vol. I. chap. iii.

P. 165. *An heiress of five thousand pounds a year in Scotland.*] This was Lady Anne Scott, daughter and sole heir of Francis, Earl of Buccleugh, only son and heir of Walter, Lord Scott, created Earl of Buccleugh in 1619. On their marriage the duke took the sirname of Scott, and he and his lady were created Duke and Duchess of Buc-

cleugh, Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, Baron and Baroness of Whitchester and Ashdale in Scotland, by letters patent, dated April 20th, 1673. Also two days after he was installed at Windsor, the king and queen, the duke of York, and most of the court being present. The next day being St. George's day, his majesty solemnized it with a royal feast, and entertained the knights companions in St. George's hall in the castle of Windsor. Though there were several children of this marriage, it does not appear to have been a happy one, the duke without concealment, attaching himself to Lady Harriet Wentworth, whom with his dying breath he declared he considered as his only wife in the sight of God. The duchess, in May 1688, took to her second husband Charles Lord Cornwallis. She died Feb. 6th, 1731-2, in the 81st year of her age, and was buried at Dalkeith in Scotland. Our author is not more correct about figures than he avows himself to be in the arrangement of facts and dates; the duchess's fortune was much greater than he has stated it to have been.

P. 167. *Killegrew.*] Thomas Killegrew was one of the sons of Sir Robert Killegrew, chamberlain to the queen, and was born at Hanworth in the county of Middlesex, in the month of February 1611. He seems to have been early intended for the court, and to qualify him for rising there every circumstance of his education appears to have been adapted. He was appointed page of honour to King Charles I. and faithfully adhered to his cause until the death of his master; after which he attended his son in his exile; to whom he was highly acceptable on account of his social and convivial qualifications. He married Mrs. Cecilia Crofts, one of the maids of honour to Queen Henrietta. In 1651, he was sent to Venice as resident at that state, 'although,' says Lord Clarendon, 'the king was much dissuaded from it, but afterwards his majesty was prevailed upon, only to gratify him that in that capacity he might borrow money of English merchants for his own subsistence; which he did, and nothing to the honour of his master; but was at last compelled to leave the republic

for his vicious behaviour; of which the Venetian ambassador complained to the king when he came afterwards to Paris.' On his return from Venice, Sir John Denham wrote a copy of verses, printed in his works, bantering the foibles of his friend Killegrew; who, from his account, was as little sensible to the miseries of exile, as his royal master. His attachment to the interests of Charles II. continued unabated, and at the Restoration he was appointed groom of the bed-chamber, and became so great a favourite with his majesty, that he was admitted into his company on terms of the most unrestrained familiarity, when audience was refused to the first ministers, and even on the most important occasions. It does not appear that he availed himself of his interest with the king, either to amass a fortune, or to advance himself in the state: we do not find that he obtained any other preferment than the post of master of the revels, which he held with that of groom of the bed-chamber. Oldys says he was king's jester at the same time; but although he might, and certainly did, enter-

tain his majesty in that capacity, it can scarce be imagined to have been in consequence of any appointment of that kind. He died at Whitehall 19th March, 1682, bewailed, as it is said, by his friends, and truly wept for by the poor.

P. 172. *The Duke of Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury remained for a long period, both happy and contented.*] In a letter from Andrew Marvell, dated Aug. 9th, 1671, he says, 'Buckingham runs out all with the Lady Shrewsbury, whom he believes he had a son (by) to whom the king stood godfather; it died young Earl of Coventry, and was buried in the sepulchre of his fathers.' *Marvell's Works*, Vol. I. p. 406. The duel in which the Earl of Shrewsbury was killed by the Duke of Buckingham, happened 16th March 1667.

P. 174.—*The Duchess of Buckingham.*] 'Mary, Duchess of Buckingham, was the only daughter of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, and Anne the daughter of Horace, Lord Vere; a most virtuous and pious lady, in a vicious age and court. If she had any of the vani-

ties, she had certainly none of the vices of it. The duke and she lived lovingly and decently together; she patiently bearing with those faults in him which she could not remedy. She survived him many years, and died near St. James's at Westminster, and was buried in the vault of the family of Villiers, in Henry VII's chapel, anno 1705, ætat. 66.' *Brian Fairfax's Life of the Duke of Buckingham,* 4to. 1758. p. 39. She was married at Nun Appleton, Sept. 6th, 1657. In the Memoirs of the English Court, by Madame Dunois, p. 11, it is said 'the Duchess of Buckingham has merit and virtue; she is brown and lean, but had she been the most beautiful and charming of her sex, the being his wife would have been sufficient alone to have inspired him with a dislike. Notwithstanding she knew he was always intriguing, yet she never spoke of it, and had complaisance enough to entertain his mistresses, and even to lodge them in her house; all which she suffered because she loved him.' In some manuscript notes in Oldys's copy of Langbaine, by a gentleman

still living, we are told that the old Lady Viscountess de Longueville, grandmother to the Earl of Sussex, who died in 1763, aged near a hundred, used to tell many little anecdotes of Charles II's queen, whom she described as a little ungraceful woman, so short-legged, that when she stood upon her feet, you would have thought she was on her knees, and yet so long waisted, that when she sat down she appeared a well-sized woman. She also described the Duchess of Buckingham, to whom she was related, as much such another in person as the queen; a little round crumpled woman, very fond of finery. She remembered paying her a visit when she (the duchess) was in mourning, at which time she found her lying on a sofa, with a kind of loose robe over her, all edged or laced with gold. This circumstance gives credit to Fairfax's observation above, that if she had any of the vanities, she had certainly none of the vices of the court.

P. 176.—*it would be advisable for her to try the warm baths at Bristol.*] I believe that Bath, not Bristol, is the place intended

by the author. Queen Katherine's visit to the former place was earlier than to Tunbridge, being about the latter end of Sept. 1663. *See Wood's Description of Bath,* Vol. I. p. 217. I do not find she ever was at Bristol, but at the time mentioned in the following extract.

'1663. Sir John Knight, Mayor. John Broadway, Richard Stremer, Sheriffs.

'The 5th of September, the King and *Queen,* with James Duke of York and his Duchess, and Prince Rupert, &c. came to Bristol, and were splendidly received and entertained by the mayor, at a dinner provided on the occasion. They returned to Bath at four o'clock; 150 pieces of ordnance were discharged in the Marsh, at three distinct times.' *Barrett's Hist.* &c. *of Bristol,* page 692.

P. 186. *Faith your brother and you are two pretty fellows in your choice,* &c.] This is the passage alluded to in the note upon page 52, Vol. II. as pointing out distinctly to which of the Hamiltons the different adventures in this work belong.

P. 190. *The old Lord Carlingford.*] Sir Theobald Taafe, the second Viscount Taafe, created Earl of Carlingford in the county of Louth, by privy seal, 17th June, 1661, and by patent, 26th June, 1662. He died 31st Dec. 1677.

P. 195.—*that mad fellow Crofts.*] William, Baron of Crofts, groom of the stole, and gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Duke of York, captain of a regiment of guards of the queen-mother, gentleman of the bed-chamber to the king, and ambassador to Poland. He had been sent to France by the Duke of York, to congratulate Lewis XIV. on the birth of the dauphin. See *Biog. Brit. old Edit.* Vol. IV. 2738, and *Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 294.

P. 199.—*she saw young Churchill.*] Afterwards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. He was born Midsummer-day, 1650, and died June 16th, 1722. Bishop Burnet takes notice of the discovery of this intrigue. 'The Duchess of Cleveland finding that she had lost the king, abandoned herself to great disorders: one of which, by the artifice of

the Duke of Buckingham, was discovered by the king in person, the party concerned leaping out of the window.' *History of his own Times,* Vol. I. p. 370. This was in 1668. A very particular account of this intrigue is to be seen in the *Atalantis* of Mrs. Manley, Vol. I. p. 30. The same writer, who had lived as companion to the Duchess of Cleveland, says, in the account of her own life, that she was an eye-witness when the duke, who had received thousands from the duchess, refused the common civility of lending her twenty guineas at basset. *The History of Rivella,* 4th ed. 1725, p. 33. Lord Chesterfield's character of this nobleman is too remarkable to be omitted.

'Of all the men that ever I knew in my life (and I knew him extremely well) the late Duke of Marlborough possessed the graces in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them; and indeed he got the most by them; for I will venture (contrary to the custom of profound historians, who always assign deep causes for great events) to ascribe the better half of the Duke of Marlborough's

greatness and riches to those graces. He was eminently illiterate; wrote bad English, and spelled it still worse. He had no share of what is commonly called *parts*; that is, he had no brightness, nothing shining in his genius. He had, most undoubtedly, an excellent good plain understanding, with sound judgment. But these alone would probably have raised him but something higher than they found him, which was page to King James II's queen. There the graces protected and promoted him; for while he was an ensign of the guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to King Charles II. struck by those very graces, gave him five thousand pounds; with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a year, of my grandfather, Halifax; which was the foundation of his subsequent fortune. His figure was beautiful; but his manner was irresistible by either man or woman. It was by this engaging, graceful manner, that he was enabled during all his wars, to connect the various and jarring powers of the Grand Alliance,

and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrongheadednesses. Whatever court he went to (and he was often obliged to go himself to some resty and refractory ones) he as constantly prevailed, and brought them into his measures. The pensionary Heinsius, a venerable old minister, grown grey in business, and who had governed the republic of the United Provinces for more than forty years, was absolutely governed by the Duke of Marlborough, as that republic feels to this day. He was always cool; and nobody ever observed the least variation in his countenance: he could refuse more gracefully than other people could grant; and those who went away from him the most dissatisfied, as to the substance of their business, were yet personally charmed with him, and, in some degree, comforted by his manner. With all his gracefulness, no man living was more conscious of his situation, or maintained his dignity better.' *Chest. Letters, letter* 136.

P. 201.—*Nell Gwyn, the actress.*] On

this passage the first translator of this work, Mr. Boyer, has the following note: 'The author of these Memoirs is somewhat mistaken in this particular; for Nell Gwyn was my Lord Dorset's mistress before the king fell in love with her; and I was told by the late Mr. Dryden, that the king having a mind to get her from his lordship, sent him upon a sleeveless errand to France. However, it is not improbable that Nell was afterwards kind to her first lover.' Of the early part of Nell's life little is known but what may be collected from the lampoons of the times; in which it is said, that she was born in a night-cellar, sold fish about the streets, rambled from tavern to tavern, entertaining the company after dinner and supper with songs (her voice being very agreeable); was next taken into the house of Madame Ross, a noted courtezan; and was afterwards admitted into the theatre, where she became the mistress of both Hart and Lacey, the celebrated actors. Other accounts say she was born in a cellar in the Coal-yard in Drury-lane; and that she was first taken notice of when selling

oranges in the playhouse. She belonged to the king's company at Drury-lane; and, according to Downes, was received as an actress a few years after that house was opened, in 1663. The first notice I find of her is in the year 1668, when she performed in Dryden's play of Secret Love; after which she may be traced every year until 1672, when I conjecture she quitted the stage. Her forte appears to have been comedy. In an epilogue to Tyrannic Love, spoken by her, she says,

> ——I walk, because I die,
> Out of my calling, in a tragedy.

And from the same authority it may be collected that her person was small, and she was negligent in her dress. Her son, the Duke of St. Albans, was born before she left the stage, viz. May 8, 1670. 'It is said that before he was ennobled, his mother calling to him in the King's presence, said, 'Come hither, you little bastard;' which the King in a gentle manner reproving her for, she told him, that she had no better name to

call him by: he was soon after created Baron of Hedington, and Earl of Burford, and in Jan. 1683-4, Duke of St. Albans.' *Granger.* Bishop Burnet speaks of her in these terms:—'Gwyn, the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court, continued to the end of the king's life in great favour, and was maintained at a vast expence. The Duke of Buckingham told me, that when she was first brought to the king, she asked only five hundred pounds a year; and the king refused it. But when he told me this, about four years after, he said she had got of the king above sixty thousand pounds. She acted all persons in so lively a manner, and was such a constant diversion to the king, that even a new mistress could not drive her away: but after all, he never treated her with the decencies of a mistress.' *History of his own Times,* Vol. I. p. 369. The same author notices the king's attention to her on his death-bed. Cibber, who was dissatisfied with the bishop's account of Nell, says, '—if we consider her in all the disadvantages of her rank and education, she does not appear to have

had any criminal errors, more remarkable than her sex's frailty, to answer for; and if the same author, in his latter end of that prince's life, seems to reproach his memory with too kind a concern for her support, we may allow, it becomes a bishop to have had no eyes or taste for the frivolous charms, or playful badinage of a king's mistress: yet if the common fame of her may be believed, which in my memory was not doubted, she had less to be laid to her charge than any other of those ladies who were in the same state of preferment: she never meddled in matters of serious moment, or was the tool of working politicians: never broke into those amorous infidelities which others in that grave author are accused of; but was as visibly distinguished by her particular personal inclination to the king, as her rivals were by their titles and grandeur.' *Cibber's Apology,* 8vo, p. 450. One of Madame Sevigné's letters exhibits no bad portrait of Mrs. Gwyn.—'Mademoiselle de K——— (Keroualle, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth) has not been disappointed in any

thing she proposed. She desired to be mistress to the king, and she is so: he lodges with her almost every night, in the face of all the court: she has had a son, who has been acknowledged, and presented with two duchies: she amasses treasure; and makes herself feared and respected by as many as she can. But she did not foresee that she should find a young actress in her way, whom the king dotes on: and she has it not in her power to withdraw him from her. He divides his care, his time, and his health, between these two. The actress is as haughty as Mademoiselle: she insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her, she frequently steals the king from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the preference. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humour; she sings, she dances, she acts her part with a good grace. She has a son by the king, and hopes to have him acknowledged. As to Mademoiselle, she reasons thus: this duchess, says she, pretends to be a person of quality: she says she is related to the best families in France:

whenever any person of distinction dies, she puts herself into mourning:—if she be a lady of such quality, why does she demean herself to be a courtezan? she ought to die with shame. As for me, it is my profession: I do not pretend to any thing better.—He has a son by me: I pretend that he ought to acknowledge him; and I am well assured he will; for he loves me as well as Mademoiselle. This creature gets the upper hand; and discountenances and embarrasses the duchess extremely.' *Letter* 92. Mr. Pennant says, '—she resided at her house, in what was then called Pall-Mall. It is the first good one on the left hand of St. James's-square, as we enter from Pall-Mall. The back room on the ground floor, was (within memory) entirely of looking-glass, as was said to have been the ceiling. Over the chimney was her picture; and that of her sister was in the third room.' *London,* p. 101. At this house she died, in the year 1691; and was pompously interred in the parish church of St. Martin's in the fields, Dr. Tennison, then vicar, and afterwards archbishop of Canter-

bury, preaching her funeral sermon. This sermon, we learn, was shortly afterwards brought forward at court by Lord Jersey to impede the doctor's preferment; but Queen Mary, having heard the objection, answered, 'What then?' in a sort of discomposure to which she was but little subject, 'I have heard as much: this is a sign that that poor unfortunate woman died penitent; for, if I can read a man's heart through his looks, had not she made a pious and christian end, the doctor could never have been induced to speak well of her.' *Life of Doctor Thomas Tennison*, p. 20. Cibber also says he had been unquestionably informed, that our fair offender's repentance appeared in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian sincerity. *Cibber's Apology*, p. 451.

P. 203. *Miss Davis.*] Mrs. Mary Davis was an actress belonging to the duke's theatre. She was, according to Downes, one of the four female performers who boarded in Sir William Davenant's own house, and was on the stage as early as 1664, her name being to be seen in 'The Stepmother,' acted in that

year. She performed the character of Celia, in the Rivals, altered by Davenant from the Two Noble Kinsmen of Fletcher and Shakspeare, in 1668, and in singing several wild and mad songs, so charmed his majesty, that she was from that time received into his favour, and had by him a daughter, Mary Tudor, born October 1673; married in August, 1687, to Francis Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater. Burnet says, Miss Davis did not keep her hold on the king long, which may be doubted, as her daughter was born four years after she was first noticed by his majesty.

P. 204. *Chiffinch.*] The name of this person occurs very often in the secret history of this reign. Wood, in enumerating the king's supper companions, says they meet 'either in the lodgings of Lodovisa, Duchess of Portsmouth, or in those of —— Cheffing (Chiffinch) near the back-stairs, or in the apartment of Eleanor Quin (Gwyn), or in that of Baptist May; but he losing his credit, —— Cheffing had the greatest trust among them.' *Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. II. 1038. So

great was the confidence reposed in him, that he was the receiver of the secret pensions paid by the Court of France to the King of England. See *the Duke of Leeds's Letters*, 1710. p. 9. 17. 33.

P. 217—*the expedition of Gigeri.*] Gigeri is about forty leagues from Algiers. Till the year 1664 the French had a factory there; but then attempting to build a fort on the sea coast, to be a check upon the Arabs, they came down from the mountains, beat the French out of Gigeri, and demolished their fort. Sir Robert Fanshaw, in a letter to the deputy-governor of Tangier, dated 2d December, 1664, N. S. says, 'we have certain intelligence that the French have lost *Gigheria*, with all they had there, and their fleet come back, with the loss of one considerable ship upon the rocks near Marselles.' *Fanshaw's Letters*, Vol. I. p. 347.

218.—*an expedition to Guinea.*] This expedition was intended to have taken place in 1664. A full account of it, and how it came to be laid aside, may be seen in the *Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 225.

P. 222. *Ovid's Epistles.*] This is the translation of Ovid's Epistles, published by Mr. Dryden. The second edition of it was printed in 1681.

P. 225. *The fair Stewart married the Duke of Richmond.*] See Bishop Burnet's account of Miss Stewart's marriage, in his *History of his own Times,* Vol. I. p. 353.

Ibid.—*a silly country girl.*] Miss Gibbs, daughter of a gentleman in the county of Cambridge.

Ibid. —*a melancholy heiress.*] Elizabeth, daughter of John Mallet, of Enmere in the county of Somerset.

Ibid. —*the languishing Boynton.*] After the deaths of Miss Boynton and of George Hamilton, Talbot married Miss Jennings, and became afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel.

Ibid. —*was blessed with the possession of Miss Hamilton.*]

'The famous Count Grammont was thought to be the original of *The Forced Marriage.* This nobleman during his stay at the court of England had made love to Miss Hamilton, but was coming away for

France, without bringing matters to a proper conclusion. The young lady's brothers pursued him, and came up with him near Dover; in order to exchange some pistol-shot with him, they called out, 'Count Grammont, have you forgot nothing in London?' 'Excuse me,' answered the count, guessing their errand, 'I forgot to marry your sister; so lead on, and let us finish that affair.' By the pleasantry of the answer, this was the same Grammont who commanded at the siege of a place, the governor of which capitulated after a short defence, and obtained an easy capitulation; the governor then said to Monsieur Grammont, 'I'll tell you a secret; the reason of my capitulation was because I was in want of powder.' Monsieur replied, 'And secret for secret; the reason of my granting you such an easy capitulation was because I was in want of ball.' *Biog. Gallica*, Vol. I. p. 202.

Count Grammont and his lady left England in 1669. King Charles, in a letter to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, dated 24th October, in that year, says, 'I writt to

you yesterday, by the Compte de Grammont, but I beleeve this letter will come sooner to your handes; for he goes by the way of Diep, with his wife and family: and now that I have named her, I cannot chuse but againe desire you to be kinde to her; for, besides the merritt her family has on both sides, she is as good a creature as ever lived. I beleeve she will passe for a handsome woman in France; though she has not yett, since her lying-in, recovered that good shape she had before; and I am affraide never will.' *Dalrymple's Memoirs*, Vol. II. p. 26.

'The Count de Grammont fell dangerously ill in the year 1696; of which the king (Lewis XIV.) being informed, and knowing, besides, that he was inclined to libertinism, he was pleased to send the Marquis of Dangeau to see how he did, and to advise him to think of God. Hereupon Count de Grammont, turning towards his wife, who had ever been a very devout lady, told her, 'Countess, if you don't look to it, Dangeau will juggle you out of my conversion.' Madame de l'Enclos having afterwards written to M. de

St. Evremond that Count de Grammont was recovered, and turned devout; 'I have learned,' answered he to her, with a great deal of pleasure, 'that Count de Grammont has recovered his former health, and acquired new devotion. Hitherto I have been contented with being a plain honest man; but I must do something more; and I only wait for your example to become a devotee. You live in a country where people have wonderful advantages of saving their souls; there, vice is almost as opposite to the mode, as to virtue; sinning passes for ill breeding, and shocks decency and good manners, as much as religion. Formerly it was enough to be wicked; now one must be a scoundrel withal, to be damned in France. They who have not regard enough for another life, are led to salvation by the consideration and duties of this.'—'But there is enough upon a subject in which the conversion of the Count de Grammont has engaged me: I believe it to be sincere and honest. It well becomes a man who is not young, to forget he has been so.' *Life of St. Evremond, by Des Mai-*

zeaux, p. 136; and *St. Evremond's Works*, Vol. II. p. 431.

It appears that a report had been spread, that our hero was dead. St. Evremond, in a letter to De l'Enclos, says, 'they talk here as if the Count de Grammont was dead, which touches me with a very sensible grief.' *St. Evremond's Works*, Vol. III. p. 39. And the same lady in her answer says, 'Madam de Coulange has undertaken to make your compliments to the Count de Grammont, by the Countess de Grammont. He is so young, that I think him as light as when he hated sick people, and loved them after they had recovered their health.' (*Ibid.* p. 59.)

At length Count de Grammont, after a long life, died the 10th January, 1707, at the age of 86 years. His children have been already mentioned in note to p. 2, Vol. II.

THE END.

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